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AS I WAS TOLD

About the Ogburn & Wynne
Families

AS I WAS TOLD

About the Ogburn and Wynne
Families



THE OGBURN & WYNNE LEGACY
1811-1881

AS I WAS TOLD
About the Ogburn & Wynne
Families

BY

RUBYN REYNOLDS OGBURN



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William F. Ogburn
Washington, D.C.

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To
My Son,
Fielding Ogburn

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I

Life in Butler

The Butler Herald, the weekly newspaper of the new town of Butler, Georgia, announced on July 6, 1886:

No. 2 has arrived to make glad the hearts and brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ogburn—a bright little boy.

TO all the Ogburns, present and future, this event was an important one. The proud parents named the bright little baby boy William Fielding, William for his father's favorite brother and Fielding for a promising young lawyer of that time and place, Fielding Rucker, who had married the baby's aunt, Mary Wynn, sister of his mother. Mrs. Ogburn had said she named her baby "for the two best men she knew, not counting her husband."

Little William Fielding was welcomed by a brother of four, Charlton, named for his father. In regard to this little Charlton's birth in 1882, the *Butler Herald* had said:

We extend our congratulations to our clever friend, Mr. C. G. Ogburn, who a few days ago was presented with a handsome little boy, to be the pride of an affectionate father and mother.

To these two Ogburns, Charlton and William, living now in New York City and in Washington, D. C., the picture of Butler,

Georgia, twenty years after the War Between the States seems far away. The editor of the *Butler Herald* at that time little realized what would happen to his country and to the world during the fifty or seventy-five years that brought the telephone, radio, television, motion picture, automobile, airplane and two world wars.

These two little boys had come late in their parents' lives, and therefore were welcomed with unusual warmth and joy. When Charlton Jr. was born his mother was forty-one and his father was fifty-two. The little daughter who had been born to them soon after their marriage in 1862 had died at thirteen, and for six years the household had been childless. Charlton and Irene Ogburn were disappointed not to have a large family, and the births of two little sons were indeed happy events.

Their little girl, who was called "Gussie," had been named Mary Augusta for her mother's elder sister Mary, and elder brother Augustus. As she was an only child for thirteen years, receiving the abundance of affection and attention usually given only children, it is easily understood that her death so young left her parents heartbroken.

Charlton Greenwood Ogburn was a planter's son. However, by 1860 he had broken away from the traditional occupation of his ancestors and had become a merchant in Butler, Georgia, county seat of Taylor County in the west-central part of the state. Since it had been the custom for planters' sons to become planters it is evident he was a man of initiative. His father had given each son, as he started out on his own, land, or slaves, or both. Charlton, the youngest son of Littleberry Ogburn had managed his father's plantation for ten years before leaving the homestead and it is said he did not like to handle the slaves. However that may be, he took his heritage in land only and so lost no property when the slaves were freed. He traded in land a little

and acquired enough capital to start a store, in Butler, nearby, and south of his father's plantation.

While he disliked the management of the slaves he liked many other aspects of farming. To see the land cultivated and watch the crops grow gave him unusual satisfaction. Also, he understood farming and there were no details too small for his personal attention. Later, when he ran several farms of his own while keeping a store in town, he planned the planting and harvesting with meticulous care but he left overseers on his farms to see that his plans were carried out. As an employer he was well liked. Even his father's slaves considered him a just and fair man; a reputation that followed him through life.

Regular inspections of the farms were Charlton's habit, and often he stayed a day or two at one of them, but he preferred the life of a merchant. The farm produce, as well as other merchandise, was sold at his store in Butler. In addition Charlton dealt in real estate. Both his own records and those of Taylor County show considerable trading in property, especially lots in Butler recorded as having been, "bought and sold by C. G. Ogburn," during the first part of his thirty-year stay there.

He was a warm-hearted and friendly man and it pleased him to have his friends make a rendezvous of his store, which occupied the "best corner" on the town square.

Conforming to the pattern, the courthouse in Butler was in the center of the square and there were business houses on the four sides. At the time Charlton went there to live, the square constituted the business section of Butler.

Charlton Ogburn was a tall, handsome man who carried himself well. His eyes were blue-gray and his hair was reddish-brown, worn long to his collar according to the fashion of that day. He wore a mustache, reddish-brown like his hair.

It was said he was soft-spoken. People thought him very

slow in making up his mind but, they said, when he once was sure of his judgment he was quite firm. He was dignified and reserved—even reticent. Seldom if ever did he discuss his business in the family.

Charlton was considered a well-dressed man at all times. He wore gray linen for business and at home and for all dress occasions black broadcloth. The high stocks fashionable in his father's day were no longer worn in the 1860's. He wore turn-down collars, like those shown in Lincoln's pictures of that date. While he was an excellent businessman and an experienced farmer, the paramount interest in his life was his wife and children.

Their happy family life was not greatly disturbed as was that of so many others by the War Between the States. Charlton, who was 32 when the war began, made munitions. He was thus away from home only part of the time until the last of the war when the Confederacy was desperate for men. Then he joined the Army. Butler did not suffer as other towns which were in the line of Sherman's march, but the fear of Sherman's coming was great. Several times the livestock was hidden in the woods and the silver and treasures were buried and dug up and buried again. Actually Sherman did not go to Butler but stragglers from the army did, and they kept every one uneasy.

As in all towns there were several outstanding men who ran the town. A frontier "boom" town, as Butler was in those days, was apt to be wild and needed men who were strong enough to lead it in law and order. Charlton was such a leader. Though not yet thirty he threw his weight on the side of order and helped the community grow to be the pleasant town of homes and substantial citizens it later became.

In the days before public schools the citizens built the Butler Male and Female Academy, a highly respected educational insti-

tution. Charlton, as a member of the board of education and also of the town council, contributed his share toward getting this excellent school for Butler.

Public schools, and organized charities, came at a later time. Earlier every man contributed his share to charities as he saw fit. It was said by one of Charlton's overseers that he frequently filled his buggy with provisions to give to an unfortunate family who lived nearby. This overseer seemed greatly impressed with Charlton's generous consideration of his fellowman. He said he never heard Charlton express an unfavorable opinion of any one and if some one else did so he invariably remained silent. (He was in this very different from his son, a teacher in a university where critical attitudes are universal.)

Fortunately for the young ladies of Butler, when this paragon of virtue turned up in town he was a bachelor. A handsome, well-mannered and soft-spoken young man who had nothing but good to say of others, obviously would make a desirable husband for any girl. In addition he was a prosperous merchant and planter. He was known in the county as a "catch." A "catch" meant the same then as it does today—a "well-heeled" young man whose antecedents are of the best. No wonder his presence threw the Butler girls into a flutter.

About this time—and a propitious time it was—a charming young lady came visiting. Irene Wynn arrived to visit her married sister, Mary Wynn Rucker. The girls were the daughters of Thomas Harrison Wynn, of Gobbler Hill plantation, not far from where Columbus, Georgia, is today.

Irene was born there on October 21, 1841. She was a small black-haired girl, a little over five feet tall, with gray eyes and a beautiful complexion. Her cheek-bones were high making her face seem quite round. Her black hair was worn in a stylish roll from front to back which made a pleasing frame for her face.

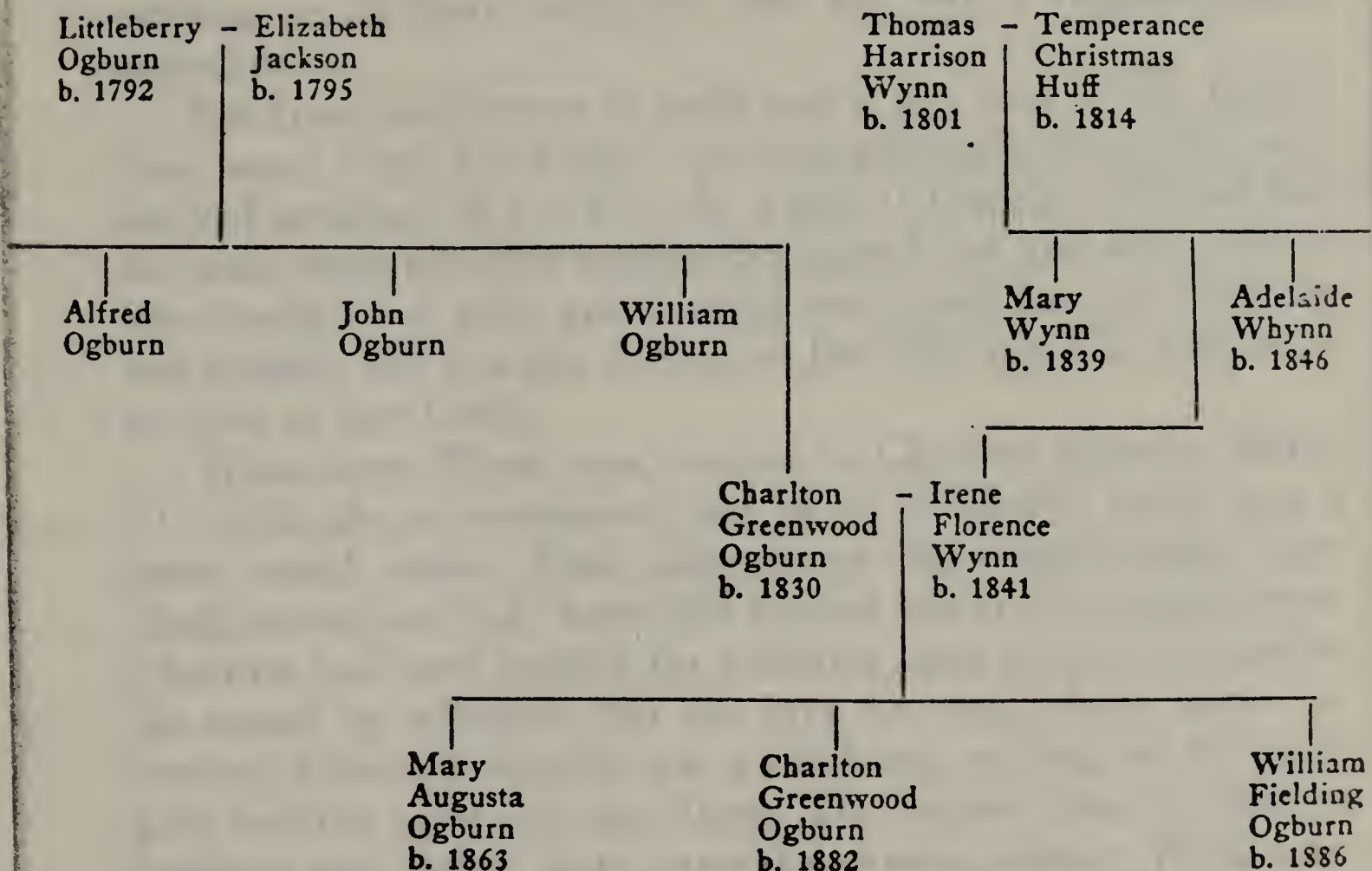
A daguerreotype made of her that very year enables us to know exactly how she looked in 1860. She made a picture in her flowered silk, a flounce for a sleeve and the neckline cut straight across from shoulder to shoulder.

Irene Wynn and Charlton Ogburn were married in 1862 and she became a most popular young matron in the town, but at the moment she was the gay, carefree young girl with a ready smile and laugh. All the young men liked her. In fact, she was a favorite among the young people generally—girls and boys alike.

It was said by the family that Irene's father and older brothers spoiled her. It is a certain fact that they adored her and petted her. She and her sisters, Mary and Adelaide, were very devoted to one another. Mary, her older sister, also helped to spoil her. Nothing was ever denied her; every whim was indulged. One of the family stories concerned a pair of red shoes she asked for when she was just a little girl. She wanted red ones and she wanted them to have tassels, which were popular then. They were promised. When her father next went to the town he brought back shoes for Irene. But alas, when she opened the box, she found not red shoes but black. Her father had tried his best but could not find shoes that met the specifications. Irene wasted no time in either listening to explanations or in seeing how the black shoes became her small feet. She quickly settled the matter by simply throwing them into the fire. The next day her father rode to a larger town—farther away—and returned with the tasseled red shoes. One pair of shoes more or less made little difference at Gobbler Hill, where everything from shoes to slaves was in abundance.

Other family stories run along the same pattern, that is, in so far as Irene was concerned. If one new dress was available for the three girls, Irene always got it. However, she never was spoken of as selfish. It was just that her two sisters were unselfish.

THE OGBURNS OF BUTLER



The names in this and other charts are restricted to those mentioned in this book. Their purpose is to facilitate the reading of the chapters.

The Wynns had a highly cultured background, and books and music meant more to them than to many other families. They all appreciated their good books but Irene was the lover of poetry. Also, she was very religious. During her life she must have read her Bible through several times. She was a devout Baptist, subscribing to all their literature, and she was a regular church attendant.

But Irene was averse to work and it was said by the family, "she never lifted her hands." A little embroidery was the most she did until late in her life. As a girl at Gobbler Hill she had her own slave who did nothing but attend her and who dressed her, combed her hair, and fetched and cared for her until she was grown. She was the darling of her little maid as well as of the rest of her family.

When Irene Wynn was married to Charlton Ogburn March 11, 1862, she at twenty-one and he at thirty-two, never was a better match made. Their dispositions and temperaments were ideally suited and their home life became one of rare contentment. Charlton had been looking for someone upon whom to squander his stored up affection. All the love he would have given his mother, who died when he was a child, was waiting for the right girl, and the right girl was Irene. He stepped into the role of husband and father quite naturally, having always readily assumed responsibility. The cares of the household were taken over by him as just a few more details of his various affairs, and Irene was delighted. Her husband would be to her exactly what her father had been and her world would continue to revolve as usual. She would be petted and indulged just as she had been ever since she was born.

Though Irene made an exceptionally gracious hostess, she rarely planned the dinner herself, and never bought the food, most of which naturally came from the store and the farm.

There were plenty of servants in those days, even though Charlton did not own any slaves, and these servants took over the household duties where he left off. Irene's freedom from household duties was relative to those of other wives of the time, many of whom had children. But even so her supervision was a good deal more than that of an apartment dwelling wife of today.

However, many years later Irene herself felt the lack of training and responsibility very keenly. Life has a way of pushing us around rather roughly at times. Too often one born to leisure has to adapt to quite a different kind of life—and so it was with Irene, and when ultimately tragedy overtook her later in life she found herself pathetically helpless. But no warning of those sad days, thirty years in the future, came to her in the early carefree days of her married life.

Had Irene been the wife of a planter before the Civil War and lived on a plantation, there would have been a different story to tell. The wives of large cotton planters had little leisure. They were busy from sun up to long past sun down with duties that had no end. We have read about many women who managed the plantations themselves, but most of the planters' wives had the care and supervision of certain features of the plantations. Usually, the lady of the house took over the personal care of the slaves. She apportioned their food, provided clothes for the young and old, and with the help of books on the subject, she doctored them. Many women on the plantations taught the slaves to read and write. The slave women were taught to sew and were trained in all the fine points of cooking and other household tasks.

In addition to these duties the lady of the house had her own family to supervise and, according to the customs of that day, the family and house had to be ready for guests at all times. If relations or friends drove up at any time of day or night—and no matter how many—they were welcomed with open arms to an

open house. Though some came for a day, others lingered for a year, and in a properly run house all received the same warm welcome from their hostess.

To run a big plantation home well a woman had to be not only a capable organizer and manager but also familiar with the technique of each type of work. As an overseer had to know the when and how of sowing and reaping, the mistress of the house had to know the when and how of the household duties—which included the physical care of many human beings. While the lady of the house had to manage and teach these tasks she did no special physical labor. Her blood was “blue” and the term “lady” grew to express this class distinction.

Sir Walter Scott's novels, read extensively in the South, set the pattern for the lady of leisure of that day. His “delicate” ladies were portrayed as reclining most of the day and ready to faint at the drop of a hat. Today few people realize the profound influence English novelists of the nineteenth century had upon the social life of the South. Indeed few know that their books were on every library shelf—if there was a shelf—and were read by all who could read.

Although Irene Ogburn had been born and reared in a big plantation home and had seen her mother run it with masterful skill, *she* adopted the pattern of Sir Walter Scott's heroines. Of course, she may have developed a distaste for the arduous duties of the planter's wife as Charlton Ogburn had learned to dislike the management of the slaves on his father's plantation. In any case, she enjoyed the leisure given to her in youth by her parents and in maturity by her husband. Irene after marriage never lived on a plantation, but in a town house where the duties were much lighter.

Perhaps Irene's unusual popularity was, in part, a product of her leisure. A woman who could visit with friends at any time

either at her home or theirs certainly was one to be sought. Who would not prefer to talk with a lady who sits holding her hands in her lap listening intently than with one bustling about—or even a lady who has one ear and an eye on the setting of the table? Irene made use of this advantage. Her very sweet disposition drew friends to her and her leisure and ability to listen tied them closely. She became the kind of person young people liked to confide in.

Charlton and Irene built their house on the outskirts of Butler, which was then only a village. It was a boom town, similar to those that later grew up in the West as the easterners moved there. New people were arriving and business was thriving—saloons flourished as the town increased in size. The Indians had been moved out of that section in about 1830 and in 1840 Butler was a frontier town.

Consequently, Butler was not a town of white pillared porticoes, expansive green lawns and boxwood gardens. Charlton Ogburn built a simple frame house—the type today called a “cottage.” However there were other buildings on the place, serving different household purposes. A storehouse provided space for foods, and a gallery connecting the detached kitchen and dining room to the house also was used for storage.

The intense heat of the long summers in the South made a detached kitchen especially desirable. At the same time the detachment, if the kitchen caught fire, kept it from spreading to the main house. This separation was necessary because there were no fire engines in the town.

The climate also made high ceilings desirable. They allowed the air to circulate, sending the hot air to the ceiling and leaving the cool air for the benefit of the occupants of the room. The ceilings in the Ogburns’ “cottage” were nearly twice as high as those of the Cape Cod cottages we see in New England today.

which were built to conserve the warm air. Large rooms and high windows were essentials for a comfortable house during the long hot summers in the deep South.

Irene's and Charlton's house had five big square rooms, with a fireplace built on an outside wall in each room. Usually the fireplace was between two high windows so that one could sit by the fire and at the same time have light for reading. In the summer Charlton liked to lie on a wicker chaise-lounge pulled up to the window. It was cooler than an upholstered chair, he said.

Five large rooms, with a broad hall from front to back which served as a cool sitting room in summer, a kitchen with its broad connecting gallery and a storehouse made a very comfortable abode. The connecting passageway served in the summer as a place to store the melons brought in from the fields and before they were cooled in the springhouse. The two little boys, whose births were recorded in the *Butler Herald*, all their lives remembered watermelons stacked on each side of that passageway.

Other vivid memories that stayed with those boys through life were of the immense broad-leaved evergreen gardenia bushes on the place, with their heavy-scented satiny white flowers and the lovely camellias which bloomed profusely in winter. Like all children born in that part of the South they remembered the delicious scuppernongs which grew on a vine like grapes, but were quite different, growing individually instead of in bunches.

Back of the house were the stables which were approached by a lane leading from the main street. On one side, beyond the picket fence enclosing the house and garden, was a large vegetable garden. Nearer the house was Charlton's rose garden. In the South, especially along the Atlantic Coast, the men rather than the women traditionally tended the flower gardens—and often there was spirited competition among them to grow the largest and prettiest blossoms. Charlton's roses were the envy of his

neighbors. It may be that this excellence was attained by a habit Charlton had. He always worked in his rose garden before breakfast, but before that he fortified himself with a substantial toddy. Perhaps the neighbors' roses would have profited by their owner's adoption of Charlton's custom.

Terraces and patios are popular for outdoor living elsewhere, but in the deep South, where insects and sometimes even snakes are uninvited visitors, the veranda built off the ground is more practical. Across the front of the Ogburn house there extended a broad porch where the family gathered on warm evenings to enjoy a cool breeze. From the porch to the gate a straight walk took one to the street—a dirt road at that time.

The sidewalks were bordered with chinaberry trees, indigenous to the South and passersby were grateful for their deep shade. The chinaberry trees with their umbrella-like shape and dark foliage cast deep shadows over the sidewalks inviting the stroller to stop and chat.

Although the town was small, Butler had a delightful social life, and the smiling, pleasant Irene became the center of it. The young people of the town not only enjoyed her company but they also liked to take their problems to her. She advised the love-lorn, as it were. In the absence of theatres and concerts for entertainment the young matrons enjoyed spend-the-day parties. Irene had a horse and carriage of her own with a driver at her service. Each young wife was allotted a day for being hostess and all she had to do was to serve the best dinner. In summer, the cool porch or garden enticed them to settle down to embroidery and chatting, while in the winter, a roaring fire invited them indoors. If the party took place more than a block from Irene's house she was driven to it, and if it happened to be a summer day she arrived in her open carriage holding a fashionable sunshade to protect her complexion from the blistering sun.

A sunshade was a tiny parasol made of colored silk which by means of a hinge could be bent to any necessary angle. Very smart they were, and practical, too.

In later years when hardship and broken health suddenly descended upon Irene and life became a series of long years in strange surroundings making self-sacrifices for her two boys, she often spoke wistfully of those days in Butler when there was recognized family status, plenty of money, and personal recognition.

Certainly in its earlier phases life was pleasant and life was simple. Comparatively speaking, it was. Today when all of us worry about our foreign policy, the behavior of some members of Congress, and a possible war with Russia, those days of long ago seem peaceful indeed. A joke on our modern situation now going the rounds would not have been understood then, much less laughed at. A salesman in the toy department said to a customer, "This is an aducational jigsaw puzzle, madam. It helps adapt the child to the modern world. Any way he puts it together is wrong."

Life was more carefree in Irene's day in Butler. Her two sisters, Mary and Adelaide, both lived there and there was much visiting back and forth. Mary had married Fielding Rucker, a promising young lawyer of a well-to-do family, while Adelaide had married Richard Hines, a prosperous businessman who had inherited property in Macon. Because he had been to college in the North, and was so handsome and well-dressed, Richard was called "a Beau Brummel." There were several children in both the Rucker and Hines families. Lucy Rucker was a year or two older than little Gussie Ogburn, the daughter of Irene and Charlton, but the two were devoted playmates. The Ruckers had named one of their daughters Irene for Irene Ogburn. Lucy was a special favorite of Charlton's.

Adelaide Wynn Hines, his sister-in-law, also was one of Charlton Ogburn's favorite relatives. He often dropped in to chat and visit with her on his way home from the store and always said she had a good head on her shoulders.

Constant visiting among relatives and friends was an old Georgia custom which fortunately has been preserved down to today. Easy informal social life has always been an attractive feature of the South. This visiting among relatives was also family visiting, and the children always went along. It was a good gentle introduction for the children to social life and play.

However, Charlton Ogburn frowned upon too much entertaining. He often advised newly married friends against having too much company or going visiting all over the state. He had often seen friends and relatives on the brink of bankruptcy because of too much "open house" he said. Charlton was a thoroughly practical businessman and he believed in living within his income. His brother Billy was particularly hospitable and, with his five daughters, entertained a good deal. Charlton commented that Billy spent all he made in entertaining. Because of this practical streak in his makeup some of his relatives at times called him "close," but some of these same relatives lived to see the time when his generosity and hospitality saved the day for them. Who has lived to old age without seeing the so-called "close" man assist the spendthrift in the final round?

For a man who frowned upon too generous hospitality Charlton entertained an amazing number of relatives and friends. First came Irene's mother, Temperance Huff Wynn, and her youngest daughter, Adelaide. Thomas Wynn had died a year or two earlier in 1861 and Irene's mother lived with her for many years, and Adelaide was married in the Ogburn home. Irene's mother brought a number of slaves with her, and several of them stayed on with the Ogburns after their freedom was declared. It is

remembered that Uncle Joe Kyle drove Irene's carriage, Aunt Rhody Huff cooked for them and Rosine Huff was the children's nurse as long as the family lived in Butler. Frances, Irene's maid, had come to Butler with her when she married. Other servants who came with her mother did the housework and gardening. At one time Irene employed a white housekeeper to supervise the work of the colored servants.

Temperance Wynn, who had for many years run a plantation home, began to run Irene's and so assumed many household duties, which was all right with Irene. She really did not care who ran it. The fine quilts Temperance made at that time, about 1863, have come down to her grandson. She was said to be a dignified, very fine looking elderly blond woman. She was quite fair even as an old lady, and looked very handsome in her black silks and white lace caps, the regulation dress for elderly women in the 1860's.

When the wife of Irene's brother Augustus died, one of the children, Ella, came to stay with the Ogburns. Some years later she went out West with her father and married there. Only a few years ago she wrote that she could never forget how kind all the Ogburns had been to her. Nor could she forget Gussie's beautiful doll that lay on the bed in the "company room." There were not so many fine dolls then as today and the children adored this one. In Gussie's daguerreotype she proudly flaunts the doll which made her the envy of all the other children. Various other nieces and nephews stayed with the Ogburns from time to time: Brother Bill's five daughters all visited at one time or another. Bill was a favorite brother and Charlton could not do too much for his girls. Lucy Rucker lived with Irene and Charlton while she attended the Butler Male and Female Academy because by that time her parents had moved to Thomaston, Georgia, where there were no good schools. Lucy turned out to be an intellectual and

the family was very proud of her when she took a state competitive examination and won a scholarship to Peabody College, at Nashville, Tennessee, where she graduated. Later she wrote a textbook on mathematics which was used in the schools. Charlton used to worry lest Lucy's educational attainments would keep her from marrying, and he frequently pointed out to her the desirability of marriage. She did however marry Azor W. Van Hoose who became president of Brenau College at Gainesville, Georgia.

After their little daughter Gussie died about 1875 the Ogburns "adopted" a young nephew, Ephraim Johnson, Charlton's sister's son, who came to live with them and to work in Charlton's store. The relationship was a sort of relative-apprenticeship, fairly common in those days. The Ogburn home was his home and Irene was his mother. Like all young people who came in contact with her, he was extremely fond of her. The young people liked Charlton but they loved Irene. It is not known how long Ephraim lived there but long enough to learn the merchandising business—then he set out for himself. A friend's son, Tom Poole, followed Ephraim. He too was happy in the Ogburns' home. They treated him like a son, and Charlton went to great pains to teach him the technique of good business principles. In a few years Tom married Anna Ogburn, one of Bill's five daughters and he became quite prosperous in later years.

About this time two young farm boys, Gus Peed and Drew Hamilton, became overseers of Charlton's plantation. While they were in no way related to the family, Charlton did a great deal for them. Drew Hamilton was very aggressive and Charlton called him a "hustler." These two boys as well as Tom Poole and Ephraim Johnson became successful businessmen, no doubt due to Charlton's tutelage. When he died, Charlton made Hamil-

ton executor of his will, which shows his high esteem of Hamilton's ability and his confidence in him.

An excellent description of Charlton, handed down by a man who had been one of the boys working for him and living at his home, is here given in part.

Augustus J. Peed who had been in the employ of Charlton Ogburn, had this to say of him:

I went to Macon County (Georgia) to farm for Mr. Ogburn on the 18th day of December of '82 on what he always referred to as the "Macon County farm," and which had been for four years previous overseered by James Dwight—and for eight years previous to Dwight, by A. J. Hamilton. I remained with Mr. Ogburn four years—leaving in '86. Aunt Rhoda and Rosine were there during this time, Aunt Rhoda as cook, and she would often cook a big dinner, especially at Christmas and I would invite the young people of the neighborhood—the dinner being excellent. Mr. O. was always willing for meat to be killed for his farm people and for them to retain all they needed, but he wanted all not eaten carried to town for sale—he was in no sense wasteful, neither penurious—but bore the name of being close. He had owned this farm for ten years when I went there to live and I do not know what he paid those who farmed for him, but my first year, I spent only \$15, and \$10 the second year—Mr. Ogburn always paid me off on Christmas eve and would borrow my wages and pay 10% and pay it back to me whenever I desired it. He expected me to work from Monday morning until Saturday night with no Saturday afternoons off, but Sundays I was permitted to use a team and go to church or elsewhere, provided I reached home in time to feed the stock. He had my clothes washed, my room kept and my food prepared—all splendidly done. We ran six plows on the farm and by

his direction, were successful in raising grain. He was known as a grain raiser and his farm was self sustaining; he raised meat in plenty and was not frugal in supplying food for his own home table as well as for the farm people. All my life I have profited by his example of carefulness. He demanded that all tools be cared for, kept sharpened and in readiness for use, and kept in a certain place. I still endeavor to exercise care in all of my affairs, attributing this to his teaching. He was careful of his timber, made shingles hand drawn from timber that had fallen, never cut timber for that purpose. But could fill an order for ten or fifteen thousand any time—paying \$1.50 a thousand, employing two men at a time for this work. He was particular about every detail—always instructed me to lend any of the tools to neighbors, provided they returned them—but if one ever failed to return them they were never again favored. He was a far seeing man, he could so plan his business (at his home in Butler) so that he could tell exactly where we should be working on certain days, and would send Joe Kyle (a colored man) to bring certain supplies, instructing him that plowing or harvesting would be carried on or should be in certain fields. Mr. Ogburn was a much better farmer than either of his brothers, Bill or John and when he (C. G. O.) died, they both were no doubt in debt to him. His care in providing for his home was unequaled. His wood house was stocked with wood, both pine and oak, his smoke house and pantries filled with the best type of provisions; as a grower of fruits he excelled and his garden was always filled with vegetables. He was particularly fond of roses and to the side of his house was a rose garden in which he prided. Mr. Ogburn was as straight as a man could be (I still feel) and as faultless a man as I ever knew—few like him these days; his word was indeed his

bond. He was a fine man to train young men, and it is said, that they always turned out well. He loved to smoke a clay pipe—and never came to the farm that he did not bring his liquor with him. While I was farming for him I had measles, and whiskey was prescribed—and though I had never seen him drinking or take a drink, I proposed that he take a drink out of my bottle—he finally emptied the bottle but offered to replace it when his liquor came (he bought his whiskey from Eph Johnson, a nephew in Columbus). He never offered me a drink, saying he did not want to influence a young man.

As a boy I clerked for Bud Peebles in Butler, and my first remembrance of Mr. O. was his lending Mr. P. a small amount of money to pay express charges, saying to his clerk, "Give the boy the money, give the boy the money!" He was constantly repeated in talking his favorite slang (?) word "I'll be bumped." Mr. Ogburn was a God fearing man, a Christian I believe, but as far as I know he never united with any church, though in faith he was a Baptist and it was probably a split in the church, causing two factions, that kept him from uniting with this denomination. An honorable man; very friendly and made and retained many friends.

After I had left him he sent for me to come to Butler to see him—a drive of 25 miles—he talked on many subjects and finally said: "I wanted to say to you that I have often discouraged your marrying, but you are now old enough (27 years) and I do not want you to be a bachelor, but marry and settle down—don't live alone!" When I told him I was soon to be married he seemed much relieved—so I have often thought that he had pangs of conscience, feeling that he had advised me wrong.

Surrounding Butler were large tracts of black-jack oaks, which he cut and burned to ashes and placed in hop-

pers and from the drippings he made potash for the Government during the War Between the States. From this potash, powder was made for the Confederate army. After the War he still made potash and sold it further in South Georgia, trading it for hides and other products. Mr. John Ogburn once told me that he (C. G. O.) wanted to make me administrator of his estate, and before his death he sent for me, but he made no mention of it or why he had sent for me. He was at one time executor of the estate of a Mr. Bartlett, the widow of whom had married a man many years her junior, John Childers by name. Mr. Ogburn had great sympathy for the young man, who at his wife's death, was not provided for as Mr. O. thought he should be, so he proposed to help him secure the farm, mules, tools, etc., making it easy for him to make payments, during the three years of his administration. This proved him a man of good judgment and a fine judge of human nature, for neither was his kindness or confidence misplaced—

Mr. Ogburn was a man who wore clothes of good material and was neat in appearance, yet he made no pretention for style—always wore clean linen and good comfortable looking shoes. He was tall and slender, wore a reddish brown mustache and had light brown hair. Was inclined to limp from the effects of a broken leg, this probably made him appear bow legged. A diseased tear duct caused one eye to constantly water, and consequently he was constantly using his handkerchief (in his latter days)—he was a constant subscriber for the "Gospel Messenger," published as the official organ of the church and he always subscribed to modern farm journals. He was an interested listener and was often quoted because of his original sayings, was given to chuckling and had a way of making a whistling noise thru his teeth, when

amused. He was very fond of children and often laid his hand on the heads of his nieces, calling them "boy" and asking questions about things interesting to children, proving him very kind, but was not a man of affectionate ways. His manner of sipping his coffee from his saucer with a loud noise and sitting sideways at table, was accepted as one of his peculiarities.

It is noted here that Mr. Peed spent only \$15 the first year and \$10 the second, and it is hoped he had previously laid up a supply of clothing. However, \$15 had a purchasing power of \$75 today, and he received 10 percent on the wages Charlton kept for him whereas today he would receive only 4 percent.

In agricultural areas before the days of governmental or cooperative rural credit it was often customary for the merchants to sell on a credit to the farmers, being repaid when the crops were sold. High rates of interest were charged and the farmers, to pay back the money, often had to sell when the market price was low. These merchants also lent money sometimes as banks do to farmers. These practices had the effect of making the local merchants rich, comparatively speaking, and they have been criticized by economists and historians as taking advantage of the farmers. Charlton Ogburn, however, never engaged in this practice, for we are told he never sold on credit to farmers. His was a cash, or a barter business.

In those days of self-subsistence farms there was little trade, and coins and money were not common. Services were not often paid for in money, but were rendered by slaves or by servants who received compensation in food, rent, medical care, and clothing, rather than in money. There was also the habit of exchange of services between households. The A's helped the B's in many matters and in turn the B's helped the A's. There was much production in the home, especially sewing and processing of food.

So that to us to whom many coins and bills are necessary it is amazing to realize how little actual money was in circulation in the South at that time, and how little of it a young person had to have.

This scarcity of money is given emphasis by an amusing incident related in *The Golden Isles of Georgia*. It is told that when a young man from one of the big plantations was sent to Yale he was astonished to find the boys all carrying money in their pockets and wrote home for some. He said it seemed he could not get anything without money and asked if his father could get hold of some to send him.

To be thrifty and save one's money was considered a top virtue and in the absence of banks one's employer took over the responsibility. Every young fellow wanted to save enough to buy a farm for himself.

The last boy to live with the Ogburns was Tom Carson, who later was married there. Tommie became an apt pupil and he liked the business so well that when Charlton was ready to retire he bought the store.

On November 21, 1882, the following appeared in the *Butler Herald*:

Mr. J. T. Carson has recently purchased the entire stock of drygoods and groceries of Mr. C. G. Ogburn, one of the oldest business firms of Butler. Mr. Carson is a young man who possesses rare business qualifications, and we wish him much success.

Just a few days previously Charlton Ogburn had himself announced this sale and also his retirement:

To the Public

Having sold my entire stock of goods, principally groceries, I take this occasion to thank my friends for the

liberal patronage they have given me in the past 25 years. I also avail myself of this opportunity to recommend my successor, J. T. Carson, to all my old customers and the public generally, as a gentleman of strict integrity, courteous, and in every respect worthy of patronage . . .

His year of retirement was when Charlton Ogburn Jr. was born, and it will be remembered Charlton Sr. was fifty-two at that time. No one knows the reason for this early retirement. Fifty-two was late to have his first son, but early to retire from his business. It is certain he felt he had accumulated enough, together with the income from his farms, to provide for his family. That his financial resources were ample is proven by the fact that when his brother John, who was very close to him, was getting old, he, Charlton, gave him one of his farms, as John had been one of the family who had never learned to save for a rainy day.

Four years after Charlton's retirement, when Irene was forty-six, the little son named William Fielding, was born. He was called "Willie" by the family. Irene and Charlton had longed for children and this fulfillment in their middle years gave them immense satisfaction. Immediately Charlton began making plans for the two boys' education. Once when he bought new land he said it was for the boys' college years. He looked forward to those years with zest, for all his life he had been interested in education and he hoped to give his boys the best that money could buy. But Charlton did not live to see that day. However, he had made so many plans and talked about it so much that the boys' mother saw to it that they went to college, and their father would have been pleased to know that each received an excellent education.

Charlton died when his youngest son was only four. It is interesting that this little fellow, William Fielding Ogburn, grew

up to be so much like his father. It is not surprising he grew to be tall and handsome, with light brown hair and blue-grey eyes—but that he should have had several of the paternal personality traits seems surprising indeed when he was with his father so few years. He grew to be dignified, reserved, and soft-spoken. Also he always took time to make up his mind—*after* assembling the facts. Perhaps it is true after all that those first few years are the most important ones, where personality is concerned, and perhaps little William Fielding unconsciously imitated his father. That both he and his son William Fielding, Jr., have these personality traits is a fact.

At the time of his retirement from business Charlton began giving more time to his plantations. The summer of that year he drove the editor of the *Butler Herald* out to look over one of them. The report of this visit written by the editor appeared in the *Butler Herald* in July 1882.

Our senior editor in company with Mr. C. G. Ogburn visited the plantation of the latter gentleman on Thursday last. This farm situated principally in Macon County, a distance of about ten miles from Butler, contains 975 acres of mostly piney woods land, but firm fertile soil. Of this vast acreage of land only about 200 are in cultivation, including the wheat and oats crops, which yield, like most crops of the same kind, an abundant harvest. Mr. Dwight, a very successful and enterprising farmer, is employed by Mr. Ogburn, in the cultivation of this land and the evidence of his industry can be seen on every hand. The seasons of sunshine and shadow have come and the fleecy staple which in the early springtime looked drooped and dead now looks green and gay, and its branches laden as with rubies and gold. The fertile fields with their full grown ears of corn bear a charm which tells us there is hope in the future. Altogether, the

farm presents an appearance of prosperity. A place for everything—and everything in its place, while barns and corn cribs are already filled with plenty.

Had the senior editor driven out with Mr. C. G. O. oftener maybe we would have descriptions of the other three farms, but unfortunately, we have no details concerning them. Since Charlton had worked hard all his life it is assumed he did not retire to sit about but rather to continue supervising his farms and perhaps to do something with his timber lands. During the next seven years he closely watched over his several farms and increased his real estate business. The court records of his buying property piled up and his friends began to warn him of becoming land poor.

In the 1880's Charlton became executor of several estates. Perhaps his friends thought that since he had sold his store he would have more time to devote to their affairs and of course, he had all the qualities one desires in an executor. One of these estates, the Bartlett estate, proved to be very difficult to settle and demanded much time and hard work. His family thought he imposed upon his health at that time. They thought it was then he began to look older and seem not so well.

However, he continued to be occupied with his farms and talk more about the investment in education he expected to give his sons. He said, "They can take your money and property away from you but no one can take away your education."

Eventually his wife became as interested in the boys' education as he and in later years, at great personal sacrifice, she saw to it that they became well educated. It turned out that his words were prophetic for money and property were taken away but the education remained to sustain them.

Having built a fortune for his family and erected every

known barrier to keep it safe, Charlton died in 1890 of typhoid fever. He was sixty years old, Charlton jr. was eight, and William Fielding, four. Over half of Charlton's life was lived before the War Between the States and in an era of self-sustaining farms with little trade and not much use of money. It was the age before cities, and there were few towns. At the time of his death factories and big cities were well on their way.

II

Gobbler Hill Plantation

THOMAS HARRISON WYNN, the father of Irene, who married Charlton Ogburn, was born in Hancock County, Georgia, on June 2, 1801, when Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. He was of average height, about 5 feet 8 inches. Though he was bald in old age, as a young man his hair was very dark brown. His complexion was fair, his cheeks were red, and his eyes were blue. He boasted of his exceedingly fine teeth, and rightly for he never lost one until just before his death at about sixty years of age. That he was a very able businessman seemed to be the consensus of opinion among his family and friends. He had a great many friends, was said to be exceedingly generous. He was good-natured, even tempered, and peaceful.

When Thomas Wynn and Temperance Christmas Huff were married May 31, 1831, she was sixteen and he thirty. He was a widower with four children, and thereby we know that she was an exceedingly brave girl.

"Tempy," as she was called, was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, in 1814, just about the close of the War of 1812. In those early years there was no county and not much of a town; however, the town with the name Edgefield developed, and it became famous for the number of governors it gave to South Carolina. Today a monument stands in the square of Edgefield

giving the names of six governors born there. Birth in Edgefield was considered an advantage to any ambitious politician.

Temperance had gone from South Carolina to Georgia with her parents in the late 1820's and was living there when she met the widower Thomas Wynn. It seems that quite a family party left Edgefield at the same time. At or about the same time Temperance's parents, Daniel Huff, Jr., and the Richard Christmases, and Daniel Huff, Sr., all went to Georgia together. This family group apparently determined to remain together for that is what they did. They lived and died neighbors.

Widower Thomas Wynn was living in one of the eastern counties of the state when he met and married Temperance Huff. His four children were Jane, who married and left home, Littleton and David, who became highly respected physicians, and Thomas Jefferson, who never came home from the Civil War. These children by Thomas's first wife must have found their young step-mother very much to their liking, for the boys stayed with her for many years. They were said to have been devoted to her, and in her old age David looked after her property and her business affairs.

Thomas' and Temperance's children were John Augustus, for whom Irene Ogburn named her little daughter Gussie, Daniel Huff, Mary Elizabeth, Irene Florence, and Adelaide. It will be remembered Mary married Fielding Rucker and Adelaide married Richard Hines. Irene married Charlton Ogburn.

This Thomas Wynn, by the way, was the fourth Thomas in direct line—where there is a Wynn there is usually a Thomas. His father, the third Thomas, had married Mary Sturdevant of Georgia. The first and second Thomases, father and son, went down from Virginia, the first being a very old man. The old gentleman's father, William, was the son of Major Joshua Wynn, and grandson of Captain Robert, of Georges Plantation, who

were each representatives of Charles City County in the Virginia House of Burgesses. The long story of their English ancestry will be told later.

Eventually Thomas and Temperance built their permanent home in Muscogee County, which borders on the Chattahoochee River. There Thomas Wynn continued to prosper as he had in eastern Georgia and as his forbears had prospered in Virginia and in England before Virginia existed. This plantation, known as "Gobbler Hill," because of the wild turkeys that had made it their home before the Wynns got there, was tilled by about thirty slaves.

Muscogee County, when the Wynns moved there, was newly acquired from the Indians, and the land was as rich and fertile as that anywhere on the continent. Columbus, a large town for the Georgia of 1830, had a population of 2,300 whites and 1,200 slaves. The whole of Georgia had 517,000 persons—black and white. In those days the county was a more significant governmental unit than the town, and loyalties were to the county more than to the town, or city, when there was such, quite in contrast to the situation today.

When this territory between the Flint and Chattahoochee Rivers was given up by the Creeks in the late 1820's there was a great rush of settlers into the vacated lands. Especially was the part, now Muscogee County, rich and fertile and well adapted for cotton growing. It was quickly settled by planters from the central and eastern counties who hurried to exchange their worn-out lands for fresh fertile fields. By the careless system of tilling the soil, these planters in the course of some twenty years more or less would exhaust the fertility of their original farmlands and they then would move to new lands where, unfortunately, they continued the same soil-destroying method. Apparently they

bothered little about fertilizers, although Georgia's historian Chappell said:

They brought with them not only industry and energy, but also wealth, culture and social refinement, which they transplanted with perfect success into the new region; and in a marvellously short time they caused the wilderness to bloom and blossom as a rose.

The Wynns, Huffs and Christmases all built their homes near where Cusseta is today—only a few miles from Columbus. The Chattahoochee River was near enough to provide transportation for their cotton which had already become the chief product of all of the large plantations of Central Georgia. Muscogee County was the western end of the Georgia cotton belt which cut through central Georgia from east to west. Approximately twenty years after the Wynns and their relatives moved there, the cotton belt was at the peak of its development.

These plantations were, of course, self-sustaining. Cotton was the luxury product, while corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, potatoes, and pumpkins were produced in great abundance. Some sheep and cattle were raised, also fowls and hogs. There was an unbelievable abundance of fish and fowl and venison to be had for the taking. Wood, of course, was plentiful for the forests had been only partly cleared.

While the Huffs and Christmases had their elegant plantations, Gobbler Hill with its young people was the family rendezvous. Irene Wynn Ogburn, the pet of her father, many years later spoke to her sons of it with the happiest memories. She described the large house, the spacious verandas, the spring-house, the storehouse, the slave quarters, and the carriages and other vehicles for family use. It is not hard to imagine the three young girls dressed in their hoop-skirts of satin and silk welcom-

ing the neighboring young people for dances and parties, and driving out in their carriage to visit them.

The acres at Gobbler Hill were extensive and the thirty or thirty-five slaves were able to till the soil and care for the stock by only the most efficient management. But Thomas Wynn was a considerate owner and other laborers were brought in when necessary. The household was run competently by his wife, the brave young girl who so quickly had won the love of her stepchildren. She managed the house servants with a kind but firm hand. She and her daughters had their own maids to attend to their personal needs, a boon to any woman but much more so to the busy wife of a planter.

Irene remembered the visits of her great-grandfather, Richard Christmas, to Gobbler Hill. She remembered him as very tall, six feet at least. His skin was fair and at the time she saw him his hair was white. Always he was well and strong. He said he and Irene's great-grandmother, *née* Mary Roberson, had had to postpone their marriage because of difficulties arising from the Revolutionary War, and that after it finally took place at the close of the Revolutionary War everyone said "Dicky Christmas and Polly Roberson at last got married." And that saying came down through the generations—"So and so got married at last as did Dicky and Polly."

Irene said the old gentleman's dress, though elegant, was a little out of date. He still wore at times a wig, knee breeches and buckled shoes as was the custom in the early life of George Washington and the founding fathers, though every other man by that time was wearing the somber black broadcloth with full length trousers and only the hair God gave him. One could see a little of the Dicky Christmas of old as he drove up to Gobbler Hill in his open carriage pulled by handsome bays and was handed down by his black attendant. His step was a little feeble but his

surprising wig and brocade coat brought a breath of the time when George Washington was President of the United States.

Always the pet of the household, Irene was taken on his knee and while he and her father discussed the price of cotton and argued over the best method for making mint julep she counted the silver buttons and admired the silver shoe buckles—and wished her father had some, too.

Irene was seven or eight years old at that time and her great-grandfather was nearing eighty-five. He was born in 1764, a hundred years before the end of the War Between the States. At the time of his birth only a small strip of Georgia along the Savannah River was occupied by the white man. Oglethorpe had come to Georgia in 1733 and found a settlement of thirty Indian wigwams scattered under the trees. At the end of that year, six hundred people lived in Savannah, the beautiful city which Oglethorpe planned and built. The year Savannah celebrated its thirtieth birthday was just about the time of Richard Christmas' birth. Even New York was a small town then with about twenty thousand occupants. This was twelve years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

This same little Irene, who sat on her great-grandfather Christmas' knee in 1850, with her son saw New York grown to maturity in 1920 with a population of six million. She rode the subways and escalators, visited the modern mighty war ships in the Hudson River, and rode in an automobile under the great Hudson River via the tunnel. Irene could have told her great-grandfather a few things he never would have dreamed could happen. While he lived in the days of Washington she saw New York during those of Woodrow Wilson.

Though Richard and Mary Christmas came to Muscogee County, Georgia, late in their lives, they built themselves a beautiful home. Irene remembered the avenue of blooming crêpe

myrtles through which, from the gate, could be seen the stately house in the distance. Also she remembered the quantities of gleaming silver brought out for the family dinners. When Richard Christmas died he was buried in the family cemetery in the garden of their home, where, in more recent years, the Daughters of the American Revolution placed a marker over his grave commemorating his services in that war.

In his will the old gentleman provided well for all of his children—with land, slaves and furniture. To his daughter Mary, the wife of Daniel Huff jr. he left

“the negro slaves Rhoda, Jack, Ransom, Caesar and Osborn, also a feather bed and furniture and the increase of these to have and to be enjoyed by my said daughter and her children during her natural life free from control of her said husband and alone for the separate use of herself and children.”

“The increase of these” must have referred to the slaves rather than to the feather bed. In this will, by excluding him, Richard Christmas expressed dissatisfaction with his daughter Mary’s husband.

When Temperance Wynn, the daughter of Daniel Huff, Jr., was an old lady and went to live with her daughter, Irene Ogburn, at Butler, she took along several slaves who bore the Huff name, and Rhoda was one. Had the Rhoda mentioned above in the Christmas will been quite young at that time it might well have been that she cooked for the Ogburn boys in their home at Butler.

No doubt Irene’s Huff grandparents were also frequent visitors at Gobbler Hill, but perhaps they were not so picturesque as the Richard Christmases. Certainly they did not live so grandly. In the census of 1840 both the Huffs junior and senior are listed as having many slaves each while Christmas had even more.

Slaves were listed as property along with land. It may be the junior and senior Huffs lived on the same plantation. We know they were very close and were together a great deal.

"Uncle Joe" Huff, brother of Temperance Christmas Wynn and son of Daniel Huff, Jr. lived on into the twentieth century. He was born in 1827.

Just before the War Between the States, he fell in love with Sue Ferguson. In those days in Muskogee County, Georgia, love though important for marriage was not enough. Marriage was also a matter of family status. Neither side wanted their family status lowered. "Cousin Gussie" once remarked "The Huffs were the proudest people." In any case Uncle Joe never proposed marriage to Miss Ferguson, in these uncertain times before the War Between the States. When Uncle Joe returned from the war, there wasn't much left for the Huffs but devastation. They had lost much property and their seventeen slaves and Uncle Joe had to take a position as overseer for a plantation owned by a man with less family background. Uncle Joe felt that he could not ask Sue Ferguson to share a home with him as an overseer for another farmer; at the time he is said to have vowed that he would some day own this same plantation. Very soon Sue developed "consumption" and died. Before she died, Uncle Joe wanted to go to see her but she said, "No, a sickroom is no place for a lady to receive a gentleman." It would seem that the Fergusons as well as the Huffs had their pride and standards to maintain. Uncle Joe prospered; and as he vowed bought the farm on which he had been an overseer. But he never married. Later he moved to Columbus and accumulated some wealth. His business advice was often sought by his relatives. Toward the latter part of the 19th century, when Cousin Gussie went to visit him, and received a gift of a diamond ring set with seven large

diamonds, he took her to see the grave of Sue Ferguson. He had maintained her plot in the cemetery all these years, and frequently placed flowers on the grave. At that time there was much thought about life after death, when the deceased would join the loved ones; also cemeteries were places for monuments. For his own grave Uncle Joe had sent to Italy for a gravestone of a large sculptured angel pointing upward, which was placed over his grave when he died in 1902. The Huffs were a proud people.

When Joseph Huff died he divided his property among his many Wynn and Huff and Christmas relatives. Irene Wynn Ogburn was left her share, which she was required to give to the executor of her husband's estate. Her allowance continued the same. If all of the widows who have put their trust in the executors of their husbands estates joined hands they would reach—nothing but bitter disappointment.

Joseph Huff had the good luck or wisdom to move to Columbus, Georgia, when it was small and as the town grew into a city his wealth grew also. In 1850 there were only 3,632 whites in Columbus.

In those days towns were not as popular as now and the smaller the town the better it was liked. Cities were not very attractive because of lack of facilities for sewage disposal. In addition they were not safe places in which to live because of fire hazard, and contagious diseases. City life was precarious at best, and the small town or the plantation with easy access to the city was considered the most advantageous place to live.

Of Thomas Harrison Wynn's descendants, and of Daniel Huff's and Richard Christmas' as well, there are legion. Thomas' and Temperance's eldest child, John Augustus, married twice having several children by each wife. Ella, his first child, who lived with Irene and Charlton Ogburn after the death of her mother, went west with her father later. One of Augustus' sons,

Thomas Wynn, married Agnes Gill, and they had six children of whom the eldest son quite rightly was named Thomas. There are three other boys and two girls in this family, Annette, Hal, Douglas, Frank, and Mary Agnes. After Augustus' death in Arkansas his branch of the family somehow lost contact with the Georgia branch and it was not until just a few years ago that through the Chicago branch contact was re-established, and in a very strange way.

After the publication of an article in the *Ladies Home Journal* written by William Fielding Ogburn came a load of so-called "fan" mail. One letter addressed by none too firm a hand interested him because it was neither derogatory nor approving—in fact, it did not mention the substance of the article at all. The name of the author had intrigued the writer. The common "William" meant nothing to her but the "*Fielding*" and "*Ogburn*" brought back memories of childhood. The letter was signed Ella Wynn Carmichael and was from Fordyce, Arkansas. She asked if by chance the author of the article could be a relation of Irene and Charlton Ogburn who had lived at Butler, Georgia? She had lived with them after her mother's death, she said, and they had been so very sweet to her. Their daughter Gussie had been her daily companion and her happiest days of childhood had been when Gussie allowed her to play with her beautiful doll. She hoped the writer was related to "Aunt Irene" and "Uncle Charlton" and Uncle Fielding Rucker."

From this grew a lively correspondence between "Cousin Ella" and all the Georgia kin, which brought much happiness to all—especially "Cousin Ella" who felt she had found something that she had thought lost forever.

It happened that her great-nephew Frank Wynn was in training at the Great Lakes Training Station, near Chicago, and one Sunday he came to see us. We found him a handsome lieutenant

who was a pleasant conversationalist also. Now Frank is married and has a young daughter who represents the fifth generation from Thomas Harrison Wynn. Had it been a boy, it should have been named Thomas Wynn.

Daniel Huff Wynn's young daughter, Mary, visited the Ogburns once, and her cousins said she was a little beauty. However, she died and left no children.

Irene's two sisters had several children each. Lucy Rucker, the eldest of Mary's daughters, married A. W. VanHoose, who was president of several colleges. They had no children. Mary Wynn Rucker's second daughter, Irene, married James Tysinger—and Louis Tysinger, about the same age as Irene Ogburn's sons, was their only child. Louis married Matilda MacCullum, who with her golden brown hair was a celebrated beauty. Louis was unusually handsome. As a bride and groom their fine appearance was the subject of much comment. Their daughter Matilda is a beautiful young lady too, who teaches in Atlanta today, after serving as a Navy WAVE during World War II.

Lucy's younger sister, Adelaide, not to be confused with Irene's young sister Adelaide, married Dr. H. B. Tingley, of New York. Her nickname was "Pet"—and so she has always been called. "Cousin Pet" is very dear to William F. Ogburn, as is also her smart and able daughter, Allie, who teaches biology at Winthrop College, at Rockhill, South Carolina.

Now we come to Irene's young sister Adelaide, and though the confusion may be greater for the moment you eventually will see the family complete from Thomas Harrison Wynn down through his children to his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren and even one great-great-granddaughter as you have seen. The young Adelaide Wynn, who married Richard Hines, called "Beau Brummel" because of his dashing apparel and

THE GEORGIA WYNNES

Richard Christmas - Mary Robertson
b. 1764

Daniel Huff - Mary Christmas
b. 1788 b. ca. 1790

Thomas Wynne - Mary Surdevant
b. 1766

Mahala Clay
b. ca. 1803

Thomas Harrison Wynn
b. 1801

Temperance Christmas Huff
b. 1814

Jane Wynn
b. 1823

Littleton Wynn
b. 1825

David Wynn
b. 1827

Thomas Wynn
b. 1829

Margaret Bussey

John Augustus Wynn
b. 1834

Helen Duncan

Daniel Huff Wynn
b. 1837

Mary Morrison

Mary Elizabeth Wynn
b. 1839

Fielding Rucker
b. ca. 1834

Ella Wynn
b. 1867

Blanche Wynn
b. 1871

Thomas Duncan Wynn
b. 1876

Robert Douglas Wynn
b. 1879

John Fletcher Wynn
b. 1881

Mary Wynn
b. 1879

Irene Rucker
b. 1859

James Tisinger
b. 1858

Lucy Rucker
b. 1862

Adelaide Rucker
b. 1869

H. B. Tingley
b. 1869

Louis Tisinger
b. 1884

Alice
b. 1896

Irene Florence Wynn
b. 1841

Charlton Greenwood Ogburn
b. 1830

Adelaide Macon Wynn
b. 1846

Richard Hines
b. 1841

Mary
b. 1863

Charlton Greenwood Ogburn
b. 1882

William Fielding Ogburn
b. 1886

Maude Hines
b. 1867

Thomas Hines
b. 1869

Florence Hines
b. 1872

Elizabeth Hines
b. 1875

Augusta Hines
b. 1879

Ethel Hines
b. 1889

meticulous manners, had five daughters and one son, all born in Butler, and all loved and admired by the Ogburns.

Adelaide and Richard Hines' children were Maude, Thomas Wynn, Florence, Elizabeth, Augusta and Ethel. While Maude and Ethel did not marry, all of the others did, but strangely enough had no children to perpetuate the lovable and charming personality traits of their parents. Several years ago Thomas died, leaving his sisters Maude, Florence, Elizabeth and Ethel living in the old Hines home at Macon, and Augusta, who had married Luther Green, at her home in Moultrie, Georgia.

Richard Hines lived in Butler until his middle years when he went to live at Macon so that he could manage his property there more efficiently. He is especially remembered in Macon because of the park he gave the city. Today it stands in the center of Macon, where in the spring you can see the crêpe myrtle trees with their lavender blossoms and quantities of blooming flowers. A few years ago when the city was considering erecting a public building in this park, Richard Hines' daughter Ethel, who is a real estate dealer, by calling attention to the records put a stop to it. In the terms of the gift there was an explicit notation to the effect that if any buildings were erected on the property the land would revert to the Hines estate.

If the account of the Thomas Wynn's daughters and their progeny is confusing to you please know it is not to William Fielding Ogburn—whose family is dear to him. He sees his Cousin "Pet" and Cousin Maude, Cousin Florence, Cousin Bessie, Cousin Gussie, and Cousin Ethel often, and has never been known to be confused by them nor to confuse them, unless perhaps when he expounds his sociological theories or his theories of sociological methodology to them.

Of Irene's own children, Charlton and William Fielding both

married and while they are rightful descendants of the families discussed here their marriages and children will appear in a following account of Littleberry Ogburn and his descendants.

Thomas Harrison Wynn was born in 1801 and died at Gobbler Hill plantation in 1861, the same year his son Thomas was killed in the Civil War. Temperance Wynn, broken-hearted over the loss of her husband and son, closed Gobbler Hill plantation and went to Butler to live with her daughter Irene. She lived almost twenty years after her husband's death. She was sixty-six—not an old age as we view it today. However, these two, Irene's parents, lived full and satisfying lives at Gobbler Hill. While they lost a son their two eldest became distinguished physicians and one became a successful businessman. Their three daughters married well, and were left by their parents a legacy of happy memories as well as of land and slaves.

Their further removed progeny, embarked upon the same journey may or may not find the same contentment in life they found; they may or may not find health and prosperity. But they will be rewarded if they stop and look back to the days of their ancestors and see there a life of contentment and well-being in an age less beset by grievous problems and crises.

III

The Pioneer Days of Littleberry Ogburn

WHEN Littleberry and Elizabeth Ogburn moved almost to the western border of Georgia they had been married about sixteen years, so it was not a newly-wed household, but a household of seven children and many servants. According to the customs of the day Elizabeth, in charge of all the women slaves, supervised and taught them and also looked after their health, but she did no physical labor. She never cooked the pound cake as any housewife would do today but she taught the head cook to do it. She also taught her children as her mother had taught her.

Such customs of those days in the South extended down even into modern times, because until a few years ago there were plenty of servants, and in the hot climate, the kitchen was not a place to linger but rather the one place to avoid. Thus, it was different from the New England homes where the warmth of the kitchen was welcome.

In recent years when an Army officer from the North rented a large house in Richmond, Virginia, his wife called the owner to complain that the kitchen was not as clean as it should be. In rebuttal the owner expressed surprise by saying, "You haven't been in the kitchen, have you?"

My own experience followed this one nicely. When I moved into another apartment in New York my man gave so much time to cleaning the kitchen stove that I protested, and his answer was,

"I think one of these Northern ladies who tries to do her own work has been living in this apartment."

But today, as the Negroes have gone north where they are offered equality but seldom receive it, the Southern women as well as the Northern are without the servants that even their mothers had and have adopted the modern kitchens of spotless appearance where they "tries to do their own work." With all their electric appliances, of which Elizabeth Ogburn would never have dreamed, what they need most in each household is a qualified electrician.

But this story concerns the life of Littleberry Ogburn who was a descendant of Lieutenant Symon Ogburn who came to Virginia in 1651. Littleberry was born in North Carolina in 1792. Symon and intervening ancestors are reported in the following chapter.

James and his wife Edith Youngblood Ogburn, the parents of Littleberry, came to Georgia between 1810 and 1820 and it was there in Hancock County that Littleberry was married to Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Jackson, and their seven children were born. It is thought that Thomas Jackson married Ellen Reed. Their daughter Elizabeth was born in 1794 which was about a decade after the end of the American Revolutionary War. They left Hancock County for the western part of the growing cotton belt just prior to the birth of their son Charlton Greenwood Ogburn on August 6, 1830.

Tradition has it that the Hancock County Jacksons were related to Andrew Jackson but research has proven it to be merely a rumor, which probably sprang from the fact that several members of the Hancock County Jackson family fought in the army with Andrew Jackson's troops. As far as we know no genealogy of this Jackson family has been written and, therefore, not very much concerning Elizabeth Jackson Ogburn's family is known to

us. A second cause for the lack of information about them is that she died in her middle age, when Charlton, her youngest child, was only ten years old. It happened repeatedly that when the mother of the family died young, and especially if her residence had been moved several times, family records were only carelessly kept.

When Elizabeth Jackson Ogburn was about forty-five she was thrown from her horse traveling at full speed. The family was grateful that only her hip was broken and a recovery was expected. But, as in so many cases of broken hips, complications arose and a high fever developed which proved fatal. Or at least that was the diagnosis. In the light of modern medicine probably internal injuries caused the fever.

Littleberry Ogburn married again but there were no more children and Charlton Greenwood remained the youngest.

So distinctive a name as Charlton Greenwood should by all reason have been a family name but that was not the case. Neither Charlton nor Greenwood appears in any earlier branch of the Ogburn or Jackson families that we know of. That both names are English is obvious since the former often appears in English history and the latter is an English place name. In Wiltshire, England, not so far apart there are two very old towns, one named Charlton and one Ogbourne. However, the chances are that the first Charlton was named for a friend—possibly a minister or doctor whom the family wished to honor.

It is not known for whom Littleberry was named, though there was a Littleberry Ogburn in South Carolina just across the border from North Carolina around the beginning of the 19th century. We do know that in the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries there was a well known Littleberry family in England, whose lineage is published in various books.

Of Littleberry's and Elizabeth Ogburn's eight children only

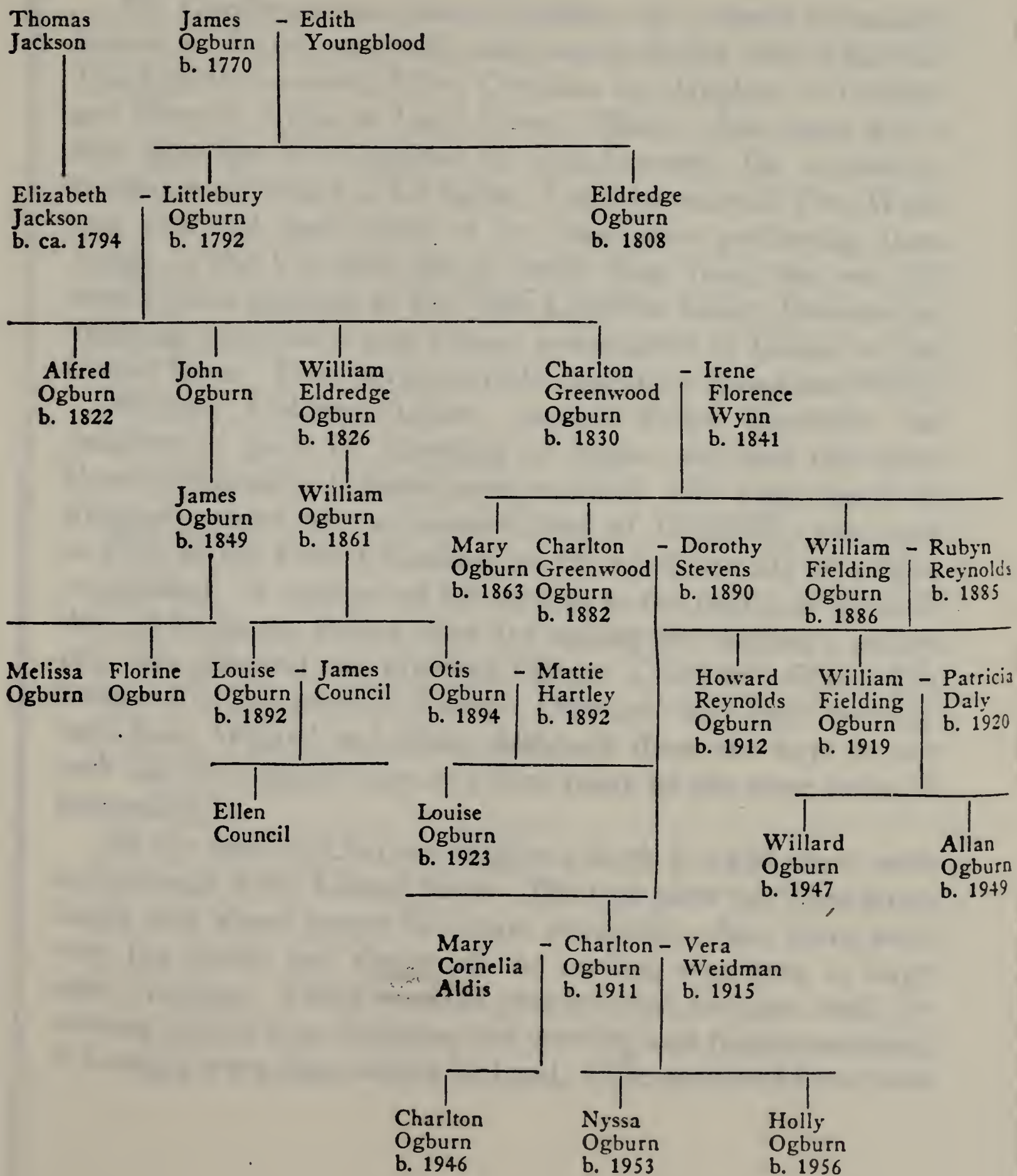
Charlton was born in western Georgia. Previously, Littleberry's parents had lived most of their married life in and around Hancock County in eastern Georgia. It was in 1828, sixteen years after their marriage, that Littleberry moved his family to Crawford County about sixty miles west.

Charlton's older sisters and brothers were Serena, Cynthia, Alfred, Sarah, John, William Eldridge and Edith. Perhaps because he was nearer to her in age Charlton's favorite sister was Edith. It is reported that she made Charlton a suit of clothes from cloth she had woven and thread she had spun. William Eldridge was his favorite brother, though he was very fond of John, too. William Eldridge was the "Uncle Billie" who had five daughters, all of whom made frequent visits to Charlton's family at Butler in later days. Uncle Billie Ogburn's grandson is Otis Ogburn, living today at Reynolds, Georgia, and his pretty daughter Louise lives at Macon. Otis Ogburn's sister Louise married James Council of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They live in Waycross, Georgia, with their daughter Ellen, a very attractive young lady. In the *History of Macon County*, there is a picture of Otis Ogburn made at the time he served as County Commissioner.

Charlton's brother, John Thomas, was the grandfather of Melissa and Florine Ogburn. Melissa wrote the sketch called "The Ogburn Family" found in the *History of Macon County*, which is used here without quotation marks since much of the information was provided by her cousin, William Fielding Ogburn, the inspiration for this family history. Florine Ogburn married but had no children and after her husband's death she went into politics and became mayor of Reynolds, Georgia, which office she held for several years.

Alfred Ogburn, older brother of Charlton, John and Billy,

THE GEORGIA OGBURNS



married and went to live in Alabama for awhile and later made his home in Texas.

Of Charlton's two sons, Charlton, Jr. married Dorothy Stevens of Atlanta and their only son made the third Charlton. This Charlton married Mary Cornelia, the daughter of Graham and Dorothy Aldis of Lake Forest, Illinois, there soon was a little grandson for Charlton Sr. and Dorothy. He is quite as handsome and smart as his father. Later he married Vera Weidman who had spent much of her time after graduating from college in the Far East and in South East Asia. She was for several years assistant to Dr. John Leighton Stuart, President of Yenching University, and former ambassador to China for the United States. They have two little daughters, Nyssa and Holly.

William Fielding Ogburn married Rubyn Reynolds, the daughter of John H. Reynolds of Rome, and had two sons. Howard Reynolds Ogburn never married. His tragic death in Rangoon, where he was mission chief of UNICEF, sent over in 1950 by the United Nations, cut off a brilliant life of service to mankind. In memory of his services to the health of the children of Rangoon, Burma, they are naming the children's section of a new hospital the Howard Ogburn Children's Clinic. His brother Fielding married Patricia Daly and they have two Ogburn boys, Willard and Allen. Although these two boys do not look like the Ogburn men they have many of the same traits of personality.

At the time of Charlton Ogburn's birth in 1830 there were no railroads in the United States. The iron plow had been introduced only about twenty-five years previously. Also there were very few stoves and almost all the cooking was done in large open fireplaces. There were no matches and fire was made by striking flint on iron. Spinning and weaving and furniture-making in Georgia were done wholly by hand, while meal and flour were

ground by water power. Most of the houses in the new Crawford County were made of logs. There were no sawmills because the steam engine had not come into use in that part of the country. Often these houses were boarded on the inside, with logs on the outside.

However, only ten years later the picture was changed. Very quickly logs for building were discarded in favor of brick or boards. By 1840, only a decade after its first settlement by white people, Crawford County was an important part of what was known as the "cotton belt" and was rapidly becoming one of the prosperous counties of Georgia. Later, however, the lands became worn out and there proved to be a good deal of malaria there, and today Crawford County is less productive than other neighboring counties.

The reason the white people did not move into the western counties of Central Georgia until the late 1820's was because the Creek Indians still lived there and were not willing to give it up. When the whites first went into the state they settled only the eastern part. As the Federal government persuaded the Creeks to sell their lands the whites took possession. Indeed the whites were often ruthless, and they sometimes took over the Indians' lands by moving in, and after building a make-shift home they defied the Indians to put them out.

Though treaty after treaty was made between the Indians and the government in Washington to confine the white settlers to restricted areas, the land-hungry whites continued to push into the territory still belonging to the Indians. This caused much enmity and bloodshed. A book written concerning Bartram, the naturalist, in 1777 says:

Many of his observations explain the causes of the Indian's cruelty and treachery. The land-greed of the whites was one; the disregard of treaty boundaries was

another. After the Indians had ceded certain territory, white hunters and land-grabbers would encroach beyond it. Protests to authorities failing to protect them, the resentful among them would attack the intruders, killing them and burning their cabins. The whites would come out in force, subdue the Indians and make them cede more land as punishment. One leading Indian chief prayed "Defend us from the manners, ways and power of the white people."

As in all frontier country there was much fighting between the whites and Indians. The Creek Indian's country was exceedingly tempting to the white settlers of Georgia because it was the finest known for growing cotton, and cotton was rapidly becoming the big money crop of the deep South. A broad strip of land extending from the Savannah River to the west through the central part of the state subsequently became the Georgia part of the cotton belt. It was well-watered country with a heavy rainfall, and from north to south six rivers flowed through Georgia providing ample transportation for the cotton crop.

This fertility of the Central portion of Georgia and its beautiful rivers, magnificent growth of trees and immense supply of fish, game and wild animals made it a coveted country, and the white Americans did not stop fighting for it until they owned it all.

Littleberry Ogburn gained the reputation as a stalwart Indian fighter. Grandchildren can remember hearing him tell of fighting Indians at the old Agency Ferry, now the steel bridge between Reynolds and Roberta. And naturally he was a good hunter. In those days the men had to be good hunters or they would not have lived to tell the tale. Pioneer life was a challenge to him, and Littleberry Ogburn measured up to the requirements.

In contrast to the beautiful Creek's country in central Georgia were the lands owned by the Cherokee Indians in the northern

part of the state. The northwest area, known as the blue limestone section, was especially desirable land, not for growing cotton as it was too hilly, but for growing grain. The whites wished to acquire that country, too. The historian of the state, J. Harris Chappell, says the following in regard to the blue limestone area which includes Floyd County where the town of Rome is today:

The choicest section of this choice region was included in what is now Chattooga, Floyd and Bartow counties. It was a beautiful country, covered with lofty hills and broad, fertile valleys, watered by swift . . . streams. The scenery was charming and the climate was invigorating and delightful. The region was rapidly settled up by people of wealth and culture. Many of them were from middle Georgia; many came also from excellent families in South Carolina. They brought their gangs of Negro slaves with them, and quickly established large, well cultivated farms . . . where abundant crops of corn and wheat were produced. For many years before, prior to the Civil War, and during the Civil War, this section of Georgia was the great granary of the state. By the year 1840 nearly all of this blue limestone region was well settled by a very superior class of people, who soon established churches, good schools and a civilization of refinement and culture.

In the late 1820's, Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States, signed the last treaty with the Creek Indians and they went to new hunting grounds in the Far West. The Indian Springs Treaty seemed to some to be fair and just but conscientious Americans will always think the Indians were unjustly deprived of their home lands. They did not sell out voluntarily but

rather were forced to accept the terms of our government. The terms of the Indian Springs Treaty were:

that all the Creeks should move west of the Mississippi River, where they would receive acre for acre, the same quantity of land as they relinquished in Georgia—and land of as good or better quality. The United States was to give them \$5,000,000 in money to pay for the improvements on their Georgia lands and to defray the expenses of their removal, and during the time was to remain in peaceful possession of their Georgia homes and to be protected from all intrusion and molestation on the part of the whites.

It was only a year or so after the Creeks had left the western-central section of Georgia when Littleberry Ogburn moved in. It was not the wild pioneer country that Daniel Boone encountered but still it was new country. When the Indians moved out of an area and the whites moved in always some kind of a community sprang up, if nothing but a log courthouse, in a county site, and a log tavern. Later a school and a church were built. But in those early days the preacher who came once a month or even less often was called a "circuit-rider" because he rode the circuit, and education was handed down from mother to children.

When the preacher came to a settlement it was a big occasion for the isolated settlers who were more eager to meet together for exchange of news than they were to hear what the preacher had to say. Before a church was built, the "meetings" were held under the trees or, weather forbidding, in someone's house. It certainly was not an opportunity to be missed and people got there any way they could; some in wagons, some on horseback, while others walked.

In the year Charlton was born, 1830, there were three thousand white people living in Crawford County and about three-

fifths that many slaves, meaning probably that there were not more than seven or eight hundred white male farmers, and that not half of this number owned slaves. There were few towns in Georgia at this time. Savannah, with a population of seven thousand was the largest in 1820. Milledgeville, the capital, had only two thousand at that time. There were four other towns with a population between 193 and 771.

Commerce was by rivers since there were few even passable roads. While some wagons and carriages were in use, horseback-riding was greatly preferred when possible, for heavy wagons and carriages encountered many difficulties on the poorly built roads. Commerce from Crawford County toward the sea was by way of the Flint River which flowed into the Ocmulgee.

Towns were not so necessary in those days because farms were self-sufficient. Much of what was used by a family was grown or made on the place. All fruits, vegetables, grain, poultry and hogs were produced in abundance. It was the custom to trade rather than to buy outright: a mule for a horse or a wagon for a buggy, etc. Littleberry Ogburn was known as a superior trader, but he was never one to take advantage of another, and his honor and integrity were unquestioned and widely recognized.

Because the farm or plantation was self-sustaining, cash was little used. However, cotton was sold for cash and known as the "money crop," and those who grew and sold it always had funds. The farmers of the North had no cotton, or "luxury crop," as it was sometimes called, and therefore they were not so prosperous as the planters of the South.

The plantation ways of life persisted well into modern times and have afforded many good stories on Southerners and Northerners—whichever was the traveler. One of not so long ago concerned a New York banker and his son whom he sent on business to Murfreesboro, one of the oldest towns in the state of Tennes-

see. The hospitality of the people of Murfreesboro is famous—and this young man from New York was wined and dined as if the people had been waiting years for his coming. He was completely won over and was very reluctant to leave. Finally in desperation his father called up to ask what was keeping him and was shocked to hear his son say he was thinking about staying in Murfreesboro. After a soft "Well, I'll be damned," the New Yorker shouted "Why you can't make any money down there!" To which his son replied, "That is why I want to stay here. This is the first time I have heard money mentioned since I left New York."

But to leave the social lag of the plantation system in Murfreesboro and return to the self-sustaining plantation in Georgia, Littleberry Ogburn moved into Crawford County on the heels of the Indians. Almost all of the settlers of that county were from the eastern counties. They wanted the fresh land that was being sold very cheaply by the government. The opening of Crawford County was an excellent opportunity for Littleberry and he took advantage of it. Though he was not as tall as his son Charlton nor his grandson William Fielding, he was a large, robust man and very proud of his physique. He liked to show off by jumping off and on his horse while going at top speed and his rail-splitting record was four hundred in a day. Since I forget Lincoln's record and I never saw anyone split a rail, this number of rails means as little to me as it no doubt does to you, but I understand from those who know their rails that it was a record to admire.

Between 1830 and 1850 the cotton kingdom flourished—reaching its peak at the latter date. During these years slavery increased rapidly. Many slaves were brought down from the tobacco plantations in Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina and sold to the cotton planters. Some were smuggled in from Africa and in addition there was the natural increase. Though

Eli Whitney had invented the cotton gin in 1793 it was not in general use until around 1800. The kingdom of cotton was the result of the invention of the cotton gin plus slavery.

It was an auspicious time for Littleberry Ogburn to establish his new plantation and that he chose Crawford County was evidence of fore-thought and good judgment. Though he prospered and lived well he was not one of the largest cotton planters. As many as a hundred slaves were sometimes owned by a large cotton planter but these were few in numbers, barely a small fraction of one per cent. Since we have never heard anything to the contrary we assume Littleberry accepted slavery as a natural part of life, but we know for certain he was an unusually considerate master. He was never known to punish a slave physically, but rather was assused of being so indulgent that his friends spoke of his slaves as "Berry's pets."

When his son Charlton grew up he was put in charge of the plantation "pets" and he was not much more of a disciplinarian than his father. The picture of the overseer with a whip that was exploited by the abolitionists was foreign to the Ogburn plantation. It has been said many times by those who knew him that the workers considered Charlton fair and considerate and always liked him.

Charlton was a better educated man than his father. Tradition says he taught school for a while, and we know he had very high standards for the education of his own children. His writing was the smooth flowing Spencerian type fashionable at that time. It is thought he attended the Male and Female Academy of Lanier, the county seat, which was near the Ogburn plantation. Since there were no public schools at that time, many of the young people of the county went to school at Lanier.

Lanier was a beautiful little town which was incorporated as the county seat in 1838. It flourished until 1854 when Oglethorpe

was made the seat of the county government. In the *History of Macon County* a list of inhabitants of Lanier and those who lived nearby includes "Colonel Ogburn," whom we know to be Littleberry for he was always called "Colonel." The following story is adapted from one by Mr. Paschall in the *Macon County History*:

Lanier was connected by a ferry with a road between North Georgia and the plantations of the south-east. It was a country town with spacious rambling houses and sun-burned streets. The people who built it came and settled, talked politics and slavery and cotton and drank their scuppernong wine. They lived graciously and gracefully as only such people could. Scattered along Main Street were several buildings—one a tailor shop where ladies might purchase crinolin and hooped skirts and gentlemen could buy cloth covered buttons for their tail coats and fancy waistcoats. There were two small frame hotels and a livery stable, where the stages clattered up in clouds of dust to allow the passengers a breathing spell, and to change horses for the trek east or west. There was only one church in Lanier and the preacher was a circuit rider. The Male and Female Academy provided the education for many of the young people of the county.

Now and then a straggling vaudeville troupe descended from the stage and stood in the middle of the road to give the town a treat of simple magic tricks and jugglery, collecting pennies in their hats. The young people enjoyed many dances in the homes of the hospitable townfolk.

But in 1854 a great change came over Lanier. Oglethorpe was made the county seat and in the next three years most of the inhabitants moved there to be near the railroad. By 1870 Lanier was as empty as a vacant lot. Of the once charming little town not a trace is left today

except a few myrtle trees that mark the site of a driveway . . . and wheat fields that mark the site of the plantation stables.

Littleberry built his first house near Francisville—at an Indian trading post, where the famous General Benjamin Hawkins had his headquarters, and where he was buried. General Hawkins, a friend of George Washington and a highly educated and much traveled man, was appointed Indian agent to represent the United States in its dealings with the Creek Indians. He spent his life endeavoring to be fair to the Indians and white alike and trying to teach them to be fair to one another. It is indeed sad to think how his life of sacrifice attained success only in the most superficial way.

This first house built by Littleberry was given up in a few years and he built his permanent home on another section of his property which later became Macon County when that county was formed. This section was known as the Hick's District because a family of that name who were large land holders lived there. In the *History of Macon County* the Ogburns living in the Hick's District are referred to as exceedingly hospitable people:

The Ogburns, who owned a plantation adjoining the Hicks plantation, were the most hospitable people who ever lived. They also owned a store and had the first post office in the Hicks District.

The postoffice spoken of here, and the cluster of houses surrounding it, was named "Ogburn" at one time but later the name of the community was changed to Delta.

While Littleberry's house stood in the Hicks District in Macon County, his plantation of about 1,200 acres lay in both Macon and Crawford Counties. The house was shielded from

the road by a row of mulberry trees and by the gate stood an ancient horseapple tree. A monthly blooming rose, the "Seven Sisters," covered the fence in front of the house. This paling fence ran close to the road and extended all around the garden and yard of the place. At the rear, the fence enclosed three or four acres.

The house itself was of such unusual construction it is described in detail for the benefit of any architect who may appear among his descendants in future days. Though it no longer stands, an excellent description has been handed down from father to son.

It was built of hewed logs matched at the corners so as to lie flat one upon another, then covered with wide boards on the inside and weatherboarding on the outside; wide upright corner boards were used to cover the ends of the logs. This construction made a very substantial house that looked much like a modern frame building. Every board in the house was sawed and planed by hand. The workmanship was said to be skillful and accurate. A saying was "the old man had no patience with botched up work. He wanted everything just right." It can easily be seen that an enormous amount of labor went into its construction. The house had six rooms, three in a row across the front and three in the back. A long veranda extended across the front with a door opening into each room. Deer horns beside each door served as hat-racks and on a shelf between two doors there was a pewter hand basin with pitcher.

In Littleberry's room his flint-lock gun rested on two hickory forks on the wall—which later held his rifle. Each was six feet long or more. On the mantelpiece was a tall clock and a tinder box which contained flint, steel, and cotton for striking a fire. Large andirons stood in the whitewashed fireplace. His bedstead was an immense walnut fourposter, as was every bed in the house. Nearby the bed on a table stood a decanter and glass for the

master always took a drink before each meal. Handwoven counterpanes with deep fringe covered the feather beds.

The dining room was just back of Littleberry's room. There handmade benches stood on either side of a handmade walnut table to seat ten every day and more when necessary. While the sideboard held fine pink-flowered china for company the everyday china was blue banded ware. Many guests drew up to that table and ate sumptuous meals from that pink flowered china. Littleberry carved his deer, ham, turkey or chicken with a handsome bone-handled knife and fork. Potato pone made from grated sweet potatoes was a favorite dish and pound cake was a specialty of the house. It was often said "Berry Ogburn's house is a mighty good place to go."

Such a reputation for hospitality had its drawbacks, however; when the Baptist Church held an association meeting at a nearby town, Littleberry and Elizabeth entertained forty guests for the night—a staggering problem for any host, more especially for the hostess. The women slept in the house on improvised beds and the men were taken care of in other buildings on the plantation.

Following the custom of the time and place, the kitchen was twenty yards or so removed from the house and there with its seven-foot fireplace the meals were prepared for the family and the slaves. Extending across this fireplace was a horizontal bar from which hung rods with hooks on the ends where pots were suspended over the fire. Skillets, spiders with three legs, and large ovens rested on the hearth. Fire was made on the lids of these vessels as well as under them. The coffee pot always stood on a little three-legged rack called a "trivet." Roasting ears of corn, sweet potatoes, and a very palatable cornbread known as "ashcake" were cooked in the ashes. But milk-yeast lightbread and the celebrated pound cake were cooked in the oven. When

the food was ready for the family it was taken to the dining room in the main house and that for the slaves was taken to their cabins.

At the end of the large kitchen, opposite the fireplace, stood the loom and spinning-wheel. Maria, the cook, was also the head weaver and she supervised the spinning after supper. South of the kitchen was the smokehouse always well stocked with venison, hams, and other meats. Nearby was the springhouse back of which were the slave cabins, five or six in a row. In the same enclosure of several acres were raised turkeys, chickens and peafowls. North of the house was an apple orchard and beyond that a plum orchard. Delicious cider was a product of the farm. The cotton fields were too far away to be seen.

Littleberry went to some trouble to obtain a fine breed of cows and usually there were seven or eight milked daily. He had a flock of sheep and forty or fifty hogs. In the stable there were several horses and eight or ten mules, all kept fat and fit. There was a cart, a two-horse wagon, and a six-horse wagon called a "huckabee," which held fifty bushels of corn at harvest time.

This prosperous planter was the kind of man who made friends easily. A good joke and a good laugh were never amiss for him—which was one reason why he was one of the best liked men in his county.

He was also known as a very proud man. He boasted of his physical powers and dressed himself with meticulous care. While he wore homespun cotton on the plantation much of the time, when he went to any public place, or visiting, he invariably wore black broadcloth with a high stock, a white vest and a high silk hat. His wife, Elizabeth, is remembered as wearing a black silk apron and a white lace cap. When the proud Col. Ogburn and his wife did not ride out on horseback they drove in a high-backed buggy with a high dashboard and high wheels. No surries with fringes on top had appeared yet.

In addition to competitions in rail-splitting and hunting and jumping off and on his galloping horse, Littleberry astonished his boys by jumping into the air and cracking his heels three times before reaching the ground again. Though he schemed to engage his children in competition in such activities, they were too smart for him and always claimed urgent duties in a far field of the plantation. At least one of his grandsons, whom he did not live to see, would have met the old man's challenge—and successfully too, no doubt. Charlton's son, William Fielding, became a collegiate tennis champion. Perhaps he heard talk of his grandfather's accomplishments and perhaps again, he was just built for it.

Hobbies must have taken up much of Littleberry's time all his life. Hobbies were as popular then as now, the difference being that at that time they tended to be more practical and therefore more useful. While at first Littleberry hunted from necessity, later in life he hunted for pleasure. He had the best guns and the best dogs, and he and his friends brought home enough game and venison to keep their smokehouses full. When he, in old age, at last became too ill to hunt anymore, his friends of the hunt kept his smokehouse filled.

Another hobby was cabinet work. Littleberry was exceedingly skillful in wood-carving. While it has come down to us that he took much pride and pleasure in making things for his children and household furniture as well, we do not know specifically what pieces of furniture he made. Since we do know the dining room table and benches were comparatively simply hand-carved I think we would not be far wrong in assuming he made them. However, this is pure conjecture.

The best in both hobbies and work was the standard Littleberry set for himself. His own work and that of others had to be accurate and as nearly perfect as possible to satisfy him.

A reputation for strict orderliness on his plantation and high standards of honor in business dealings was easily earned by him.

From the saying, "Berry Ogburn's place is a good place to go," which has echoed down the passages of time, we can see something of the friendly warm hospitality created by Littleberry and his wife. We can easily picture the large, robust man who loved a good story and a good laugh shared with good company. We can imagine the men with the dogs back from the hunt lingering on the spacious porch while their host brought out his best liquor to refresh them. We can almost hear their laughter as he told his latest good story. Or we can imagine him dressed in his broadcloth and high hat, back from church on Sunday with the preacher and more sedate friends waiting on the porch for dinner to be announced. Not that there was an absence of excellent liquor and good stories but that the quantity of the former and quality of the latter were tempered to the occasion.

Families of eight children gathered for Sunday dinner was very different from our families of three and four today. The boys were considered grown in their teens and the girls were married often at sixteen. Youth and adolescence were not prolonged then as now. The young people took over responsibilities on the plantations at about the age they now go to college—or even high school. But they were "youth" just the same and the source of buoyancy and gay life.

A saying of the old days, "A good provider," suited Littleberry Ogburn well. His family lived well and shared it all with their friends. As his children were married he gave each slaves, land and cattle. Charlton wanted no slaves and took land instead. Before his death Littleberry had divided his property among his children all save a certain amount kept for himself and his wife. In his seventy-fifth year he was stricken with paralysis and for three years he had two male attendants.

He died in 1870 at seventy-eight and was buried at New Hope Church in Taylor County.

A year or two ago his grandson, William Fielding Ogburn, went to New Hope Church and had a new headstone placed on Littleberry's grave.

Had Littleberry's son Charlton Ogburn not died when his sons were very young boys we would know much more about not only Littleberry himself but his father James and his grandfather John. All the family stories customarily handed down from father to son were lost in the Ogburn family because Charlton's sons, Charlton and William, were only four and eight when their father died. Years later when the boys were grown and longed to know more of their family's history there was no one to turn to. While their mother could tell them many interesting stories concerning the Wynn side of the family there was no way to bring back the personalities of the departed Ogburns.

IV

Early Ogbournes

TO the readers who remain with me, a personal incident that occurred at Ogbourne Saint George, Wiltshire, England, in 1936 will be interesting. In the summer of that year William Fielding Ogburn, whose ancestor Symon Ogbourne, came to Virginia with the early settlers, visited that village. Unannounced he called at the Manor House. At his request the lady came to the door, but a short wait had given time enough for the strange young American to make provision for keeping the door open in case the English lady was prejudiced against Americans and wished to end the interview too soon. Ogburn had put his foot in the door—no small obstruction.

As could have been expected, the Ogburn charm won out. After a few soft words and a smile he was invited to see the house from wine-cellar to attic. Over the teacups it was agreed that the forebears of the first of his name in Virginia came from the village of Ogbourne. He had the right answer to his hostess' objection to Americans because they lived in cities rather than in the country. His brother lived in the country in Westchester County, New York and when he referred vaguely to the horses and dogs in Westchester there was a perceptible rise in his stock. His hostess rode to the hounds as do many of the English country families in Wiltshire and she did not have a high opinion of denizens of the city, an attitude characteristic of English landowners in the eighteenth century and earlier.

To see the sixteenth century Manor House was a pleasant experience. At the time of this visit it was owned by Cambridge University and rented to the lady who loved country life. When my husband and I were in Oxford during the winter of 1953 a mutual friend told the young couple who had bought the Manor House about us and we were invited to dinner. They were a charming young couple and seemed to take pleasure in showing us the house, especially the improvements they had made in it.

The entrance hall was as large as a room. A large drawing room and larger drawing room were entered from each side of the hall, and beyond the latter was a library. The impression was one of spacious luxury. The alterations had left it comfortable even to central heating, but the heat was not on the day we were there even though it was quite cold. As we huddled over the small fire our hostess mentioned the new heating system but said they had not felt the need of it yet. The English seldom feel the need of heat, apparently even in winter.

In 1275 when we first know of it, the name was spelt Okebourne. It was compounded from "oc" meaning oak and "burn" meaning stream or forest—the stream flowing through the oak trees or forest. The *k* preceding the *b* was not euphonious and the name early became Ogbourne.

It is a rare name in England now but from the early thirteenth century through the sixteenth there were many Ogbournes both in London and in several other places. By that time they had already spread out from Ogbourne, Wiltshire. In Wiltshire there was a second village, Ogbourne Saint Andrew, and there seems to be little doubt that the earliest of the family came from one of these two villages.

Walter de Okebourne lived in Wiltshire in 1273. Some Ogbournes with the French "de" preceding the last name are found

in English literature and at least four with the English "Sir" preceding the first name.

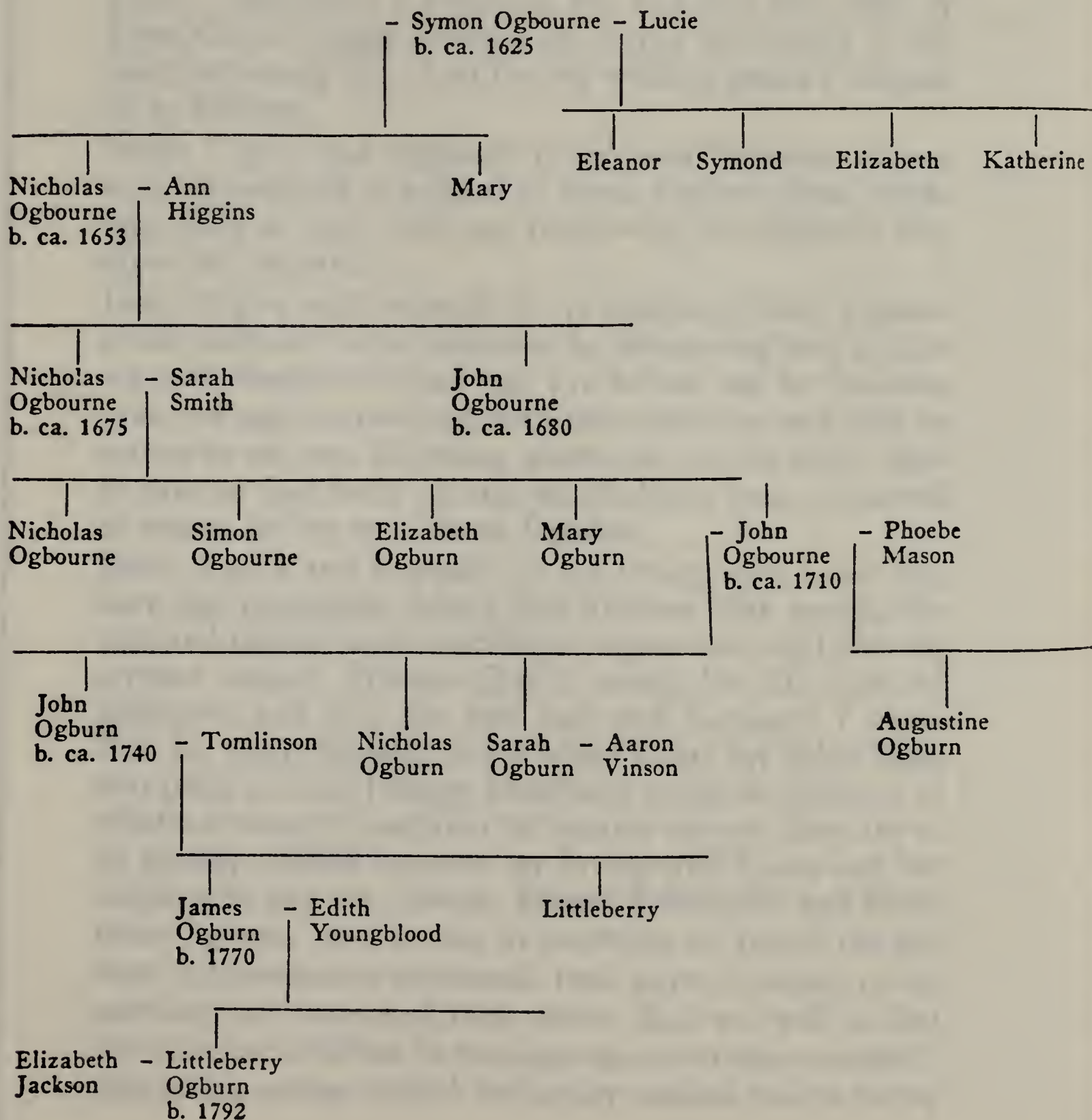
It was 1652 that Symon Ogbourne, the first of the Virginia Ogbournes, came to the new English colony, just a year later than Robert Wynne, the progenitor of the other branch of our Georgia family had come to Virginia. The wave of adventurers migrating to Virginia at that period was largely due to the lost cause of the royalists in England. Many of the soldiers and officers of King Charles' army fled to the colonies when Cromwell took over. Doubtless, both Lieutenant Symon Ogbourne and Captain Robert Wynne preferred and chose new adventures in the young colony to the puritanical era of the Commonwealth.

Within a year after his arrival in Lancaster County, Lieutenant Ogbourne had married and very soon afterwards he went south to the Isle of Wight County, not far from Jamestown, where he made his home, lived, and died. One evidence of his living in the southern county at that early date is a court record which says, "Lt. Symon Ogbourne was security for Lt. Baker."

That Lieutenant Ogbourne was a "gentleman" there is no doubt since all officers were of that class, and we know that he possessed a rapier, the arms of the gentry. Symon seemed to have a certain wistful respect for this weapon. In his will he left it to his eldest son, no doubt as a token of his past days as a young officer. A more practical item, his indentured servant, he left to his wife.

Others mentioned in his will were his daughter Mary and his son Nicholas, also his wife Lucie and their four children, Symond, Elinor, Elizabeth, and Katherine. He died in 1669, so his life in the Virginia Colony was short—seventeen years only. From the wording of his will it is evident that Lucie was Symon's second wife and that Nicholas and Mary were children by his first wife. The will gives several suggestive items about his life and times.

VIRGINIA OGBOURNES



In the name of God, Amen; I Simon Ogbourne of the Isle of Wight Co. in Virginia being very weak in body but of sound mind and memory do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner form following (viz): Imprimia: I bequeath my soul into the arms of Jesus Christ hoping through his merits and mercy to obtain everlasting life. And for my worldly goods I dispose of as follows:

Item: I give and bequeath to my son Nicholas all my wearing apparell in general as linen, woolen, shoes, stockings, hats or caps, and my rapier—to be delivered him after my decease.

Item: I give and bequeath to my daughter Mary Ogburn a cow and calf to be delivered by this spring and in case my said daughter depart this life before she be fourteen years of age or married then the said cow and calf to return to my son Nicholas, above sd., or his heirs. And in case no just heirs of my son Nicholas then sd. cattell to return to my son Simon Ogburn.

Item: I give and bequeath to my loving wife Lucie Ogburn my plantation during her lifetime. She paying the rent and performing according to agreement, and also my servant named Thomas Davis during his life time of indenture and also the best bed and furniture I have. And for the remainder of my whole estate my debts being first paid, as cattell hoggs household goods or chattells of whatever nature, condition or quarter soever, they are to be equally divided between my loving wife Lucie and her children by her viz., Simon, Elinor, Elizabeth, and Katherine Ogburn. And in case of mortality of any of my last four children herein expressed, their parts to return to the survivors of them and their heirs. And my will is that my four last children be brought up out of their mother's part of my estate. And I do hereby confirm this to be my

last will and testament. Set my hand and seal this 24th day March 1668. Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of Tho. Taberay, Elizabeth and Merritt.

We can note that while his son Nicholas and daughter Mary are mentioned independently, the last four children are to be brought up out of their mother's part of the estate. Nicholas, who received the rapier, and who was the eldest son, turns out to be the ancestor of the Georgia Ogburns.

Upon Symon's arrival in Virginia in 1652 the price of tobacco was on the decline and the big money once made by the earliest planters was a thing of the past. Tobacco was still the main exporting crop but trade restrictions had decreased its price. For the amount the planter received for his annual crop very little English goods could be bought. In fact, prices of English products had gone out of reach and the colonists who formerly had not done so were beginning to weave their own cloth and make their own shoes. Of an abundance of food there was never any question, for each plantation, no matter what size, produced all the grain, fruit, meat and poultry the household could consume.

Great unrest was the result of the distressing decrease in the price received for the colonists' largest crop and it eventually led to the rebellion of the small plantation owners, known as Bacon's Rebellion. Though Lieutenant Ogburn did not live to see it he lived through the period of its development. The protest led by Bacon concerned ostensibly the Indians and also the price of tobacco. Planters living in the back country counties thought the government was giving them insufficient protection from the Indians, who invaded their territory too often. But there was another cause; an underlying cause for revolt. It was a revolt of the small farmers against the big land owners who were favored by the government; a war between democracy and the old British landlordism. Ironical as it may seem, the revolt against the rich

landlords was led by the scion of just such a British family. Educated at Cambridge, a European traveler at nineteen, married into one of the oldest and wealthiest families, Nathaniel Bacon was only twenty-seven when he and his wife came to Virginia, but we do not know the underlying reason for his great sympathy for the small landowners. After only two years in Virginia and at the moment he had been appointed to the State Council, young Bacon took up the cause of Virginia's democracy. Though he lost his cause and his life he became the people's hero and ultimately, as time went on, his ideals of democracy for Virginia were realized.

It was a tough period (1652 to 1675) for the young Englishmen who had come to the colony with high hopes of reward. While the "favorites" or those with influential relatives were receiving thousands of acres of land as gifts, others, less fortunate, were having a desperately hard time making ends meet. Had Symon Ogburn come ten years earlier his prospects would have been much brighter. The low price to which tobacco had sunk occupied the minds of all the planters and it was heatedly discussed at all gatherings, at weddings, funerals, cockfights and horse-races. Fortunately, though the times were hard there were diversions. They were highspirited people and the amenities of life were not neglected because of poor economic conditions.

Gambling was a universal amusement of seventeenth century Virginia but no more popular than dancing and drinking. All houses of that period that laid claim to any hospitality had stocks of liquor, at least wines and beers, which were often made at home. It has been said the young adventurers simply brought over the custom of drinking along with others from their English homes. However, the climate of England was more suitable for hard drinking than was the climate of Virginia. In any case,

drinking has been held partly responsible for the high death rate among the early colonists.

Just as most of the well-to-do planters provided the best of liquors many of them also had musical instruments. The two together provided much sociability and gaiety. Both the young and old joined in dancing and horse-racing. Later in the 1700's when the houses were larger and more spacious there were bigger and better dances but during the lifetime of Symon Ogbourne there were very few large houses. Even the rich usually lived in what was known as the typical Virginia house. It was one and a half stories high with dormer windows, and chimneys at each end. Contrary to popular opinion log cabins did not exist in Virginia. They were introduced later by Scandinavian settlers.

A popular form of entertainment in the young colony was horse racing, and Virginia race-horses became famous. Naturally racing led to betting and as the Virginia gentlemen supplied finer horses, the betting became higher, too. Stakes became fabulous at times, young men sometimes putting up their entire tobacco crop.

One of the Wynne family bred famous horses. He lived at Raceland and became known as "Racer Billie." He had the Wynne blood, but found his adventure in racing rather than in expeditions into unknown territory as many of that family did. However, a little later he gave up racing and went out to Arkansas where he became a public figure in politics. The town, Wynn, Arkansas, was named for him when he was a member of the state legislature.

Southern planters, so many of whom were royalists, were not dominated by the moralistic views of the Puritans further north and they enjoyed in the colony the same forms of entertainment they had enjoyed in England, if they could get them. The theatre, for instance, which experienced much popularity under the in-

fluence of Queen Elizabeth, and the amazing talent of Shakespearian plays of the late 1500's, were enjoyed whenever possible by the Virginia colonists. The theatre was never frowned upon in that state, and amateur theatricals were also part of the life of the time.

Plays were banned in New England by the Puritans who considered them wicked; however, charades became very popular there. The only difference in the two was that the former were performed by experts and the latter by amateurs.

It was good to have the release provided by games and races in those hard times through which Symon Ogbourne lived. In addition to the economic problems facing all, the colonists' life often was short. Even as late as Symon's last days—1667—there were many sicknesses common among the settlers. The infant mortality rate was extremely high. Had the babies who were born lived, the London Company that was so deeply concerned with the rapid decrease of the young colony would have had little to worry about. The Englishmen had not yet learned how to live in the climate of their adopted country. Doubtless Symon Ogbourne's life was cut short by the "Virginia sickness," a general term to cover all the unfamiliar illnesses that plagued the seventeenth century colonists.

While Symon Ogbourne would have prospered more rapidly had he come earlier he, perhaps, would have lived longer had he come later. Conditions improved as the colony progressed, and by the last of the century Virginians had learned how to provide more healthful conditions. Nicholas, Symon Ogbourne's eldest son, probably was born in Lancaster before his parents moved to Isle of Wight County, about 1654. He outlived the Long Parliament which ran from 1661 to 1775, which Governor Berkeley, through fear of the reactions of a new one, maintained for about

seventeen years, and also the subsequent rebellion which was followed by a confused era during which the government tried to identify and punish participants.

Not until the turn of the 18th century did Virginia enjoy comparatively peaceful political and economic conditions and their effects. By that time great changes had been taking place in the labor situation. When the first group of blacks from Africa were landed in the colony by the Dutch and were sold by them to the planters for labor in the tobacco fields, it signaled a momentous economic change. The blacks were more suited to work in the fields than the whites and the planters thought they had at long last found the solution to their labor problem. And so they had for raising tobacco. However, as the blacks came in increasing numbers the small farmers who could not afford to buy them began to move out and thereby the Virginia yeomanry was very nearly destroyed. The small farmers could no longer compete with the rich planters whose fields were tilled by many blacks and they began to look elsewhere for more favorable conditions. They sold their land and left Virginia for other colonies in large numbers.

The economic historians of the period tell us that England, not realizing the small landowners would leave Virginia when the blacks came in, were delighted to have found the answer to the labor problem and were glad to see more and more blacks shipped to the colonies. The poor settlers in Virginia finding that tobacco culture was based upon cheap labor of African slaves which they could not buy moved away to other localities where intelligence still brought an adequate reward, says Mr. Wertenbaker, in his *Planters of Colonial Virginia*.

This change began gradually in the middle of the seventeenth century, increasing as the new century appeared. Mr. Wertenbaker says this inflow of blacks to Virginia "transformed it from

a land of hardworking independent peasants to a land of slaves and slave holders." Slavery had wrought a far reaching social change.

Nicholas Ogburn died in 1688, just as the large tobacco plantations were becoming larger and the planters richer. He had married Ann Higgins and they had two sons, Nicholas, Jr., who was the progenitor of the Georgia Ogburns, and John. Nicholas Sr. was only thirty-five at his death and the care of the two small boys was left to their mother.

Before his death Nicholas Ogburn had bought 480 acres of land in Surry County which Ann Ogburn later gave her sons. From county records we assume that when the two boys grew up, Nicholas, the elder, remained on the plantation in Isle of Wight County while John took over the property in Surry. Nicholas and his father Nicholas were the home-loving type rather than the adventurous and they never left the old place where Symon had originally made his home. For a hundred years these Ogburns remained in Tidewater Virginia, near Jamestown.

The second Nicholas married Ann Smith, the daughter of William and Mary Smith. They had five children, the youngest of whom was John, born about the time of his father's death in 1713. Nicholas and Ann Smith Ogburn's children were mentioned in the will of Ann's mother, Mary Smith, in 1719. She left property to "my three grandchildren Simon Ogburn, Elizabeth Ogburn and Mary Ogburn."

This will was made in Isle of Wight County, where Smithfield is located. The old Smith house stood on a hill near the present Smithfield, fronting the water and surrounded with beautiful old trees and ancient boxwood. It was known as "Smith's Mansion" but when this writer saw it some ten years ago the boxwood was being trampled by the cows and the house seemed

small indeed for its imposing name. King Charles made this grant of land to William Smith and the town of Smithfield developed on Smith's fields.

The descendants of Symon Ogbourne intermarried with the old families of Isle of Wight and Surry Counties. One married a Branch, ancestor of our old friend Branch Bocock. Others married Hancocks, Richards, Cabells. Later another Ogburn in North Carolina married a Lanier of the family that later produced the poet Sidney Lanier.

In those early days in Virginia the widowed married again, and with a high death rate a person might be several times widowed. Women were scarce and seldom was a widow with property left to mourn her husband more than the minimum number of days. Nearly always the new husband was an old friend of the family and sometimes he was executor of the deceased husband's estate. At times when reading the court records one is startled to see the deceased husband's will was read in the new husband's home.

Another surprising county record tells us that one Robert Wynne of Prince George County sold some land to John Ogburn, son of Nicholas, a prelude to the Wynn-Ogburn relationships in Georgia, a hundred years in the future.

The younger son of Nicholas and Ann Smith Ogburn claims our interest next. Born in Isle of Wight County about 1710, he was christened John. As he grew up he prospered and added more land to his holdings. At one time John owned land in the counties of Isle of Wight, Surry, Sussex, Brunswick, in Virginia, and in Northampton County in North Carolina. At least that is the way the record stands but those four counties were cut and divided making it impossible to locate his land at a given date without very careful research. However, we know that he lived in Brunswick County for awhile. Probably his stay in that county

was in the interest of his work as a surveyor which from time to time took him into several counties. John held the office of Constable in Brunswick, a post of much responsibility and high respect in the early days.

By his first wife John Ogburn had a son named John, Jr., and another son named Nicholas, for his father. From John, Jr., the Georgia Ogburns are descended. We mention in passing a daughter named Sarah who turns up again in the records. Due to the negligence in recording women's names we do not know the name of the first wife of John Ogburn, Sr., but his second wife was Phoebe Mason, the widow of Joseph Mason. They also had several children. John Ogburn was executor of Joseph Mason's estate and the will was read in the Ogburn home. The widow and the executor lost no time at all; before the estate was settled their two plantations had become one.

John Ogburn, son of Nicholas, lived to be an old man of about eighty. He had lived to see the colonies gain their independence but he had been too old to be in the army. He had lived through the period of trade disturbances preceding the Revolution caused by strained relationship between the colonies and the mother country, a period of hardship for the planters. While he acquired property in several counties in Southeastern Virginia, and even once bought land across the border in North Carolina, yet he spent the latter part of his life in his old home in Virginia.

Some ten years ago the writer, with a descendant of John Ogburn, was searching the records of Sussex County. After exhausting the orderly kept record books we asked what was contained in the dusty old boxes on the shelves. "Trash, more or less," we were told. At our request the boxes were brought down and dusted off and each small bit of "trash" was studied. The taxing task paid off. One little scrap of paper proved to be a note written by John Ogburn himself to the county clerk asking

for a marriage license to be given the bearer, John Ogburn, Jr., not for himself but for his sister Sarah and her fiance, Aaron Vinson. For us to actually see the old man's handwriting seemed to make the connection personal and less remote.

It is strange that John Ogburn, Jr. was not mentioned in his father's will:

In the name of God, Amen, I John Ogburn of the parish of Albemarle, and county of Sussex, being sick and weak, but of sound and disposing mind and memory do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following, Viz—Item, my will and desire is that my two Negro Women, Hannah and Moll—and their increase they bring negroes, I lend to my daughter Sarah Vinson, wife of Aaron Vinson be equally divided amongst the children that may be now living of my said Daughter, Sarah Vinson.

Item I give the use of my two Negroes Mingo and Sam to my son Nicholas Ogburn during his natural life, and after the death of my said son Nicholas, I give the said negroes, Mingo and Sam to my grandson, Charles Ogburn, son of my said son Nicholas Ogburn and Anne his wife.

Item I give the use of my negro woman, Jinney to my granddaughter Sarah Pleasant during her natural life.

Item I give to my son Augustine Ogburn and to his Heirs all the residue of my estate be it of what kind or quality soever. I desire my Estate be not appraised and that my executor may not be ruled to give security for his executing of this my Will.

Lastly, I appoint by son Augustine Ogburn executor of this, my last Will and Testament hereby declaring all other wills heretofore by me made void.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and

seal this Twenty ninth day of September, One thousand, seven hundred and eighty nine.

Signed and Published
in presence of Lucy Massenburg
John Mason

John Ogburn (Seal)
At a Court held for Sussex
County the 4th day of
February 1790

The last Will and Testament of John Ogburn was presented into Court by Augustine Ogburn, the executor therein named was proved by the oath of John Mason one of the witnesses thereto, and ordered to be recorded, and on motion of said executor, who made oath thereto, according to law certificate is granted him for obtaining probate thereof in due from

M. Bailey Clerk

Teste

The omission of John, Jr.'s name in this will creates something of a mystery. However, it may have been that John, Jr., had already received his share of his father's estate. We know he owned a large amount of property. Since no real estate is included in the will, it seems probable that John Ogburn had already divided his land among his children. When he made this will in 1789 his eldest son John, Jr., had been living in North Carolina a dozen years. Earlier still Sarah Ogburn, and her husband Aaron Vinson, had gone to North Carolina where they were close neighbors of old friends from Virginia, the Tomlinsons. John, Jr., had married as his second wife a Tomlinson in Virginia before going to North Carolina. At the time of this second marriage he had two small children, James and Sarah. James Ogburn was the one who later went to Georgia. According to the pioneers' custom of making their move with friends these three families of Ogburns, Vinsons and Tomlinsons had

plantations near together as is shown by the description of each in the records. Many county records of that period show the Ogburns, Vinsons, Tomlinsons, Oneals, and Youngbloods as witnesses of one another's deeds and executors of one another's estates, and there were several marriages to connect the families.

When little James Ogburn grew up he married the daughter of his neighbor, Thomas Youngblood. In his will Thomas Youngblood left property and cattle to his grandson Littleberry, son of his daughter Edith.

These several families who had gone to North Carolina together must have enjoyed many gatherings at the different homes. A planter often would entertain his guests with a deer hunt. All the men carrying guns, they would enter the woods followed by a negro man carrying lighted charcoal in a pan which would blind the deer and also point out the target for the hunters. Raccoon and opossum hunting was a sport for the young boys. They were always followed by negroes bearing lighted pine torches. In the day time hunting turkeys, ducks and quail was a favorite sport. It necessitated trained dogs, which all the planters had, some as many as fifteen or twenty.

But all such sports came to an abrupt end at the time of the Revolutionary War and in 1777 John Ogburn, Jr. enlisted from Johnson County, North Carolina, when he was in his middle thirties. Like all wars, this one tempted the soldiers to move about. Some received land in payment for services while others learned more of other colonies. From this disturbance came a large emigration from Virginia southward, the destination depending upon the situation of their home county. Those in the eastern part of the state dropped down to eastern sections of the Carolinas and those in the western sections to western North Carolina and Tennessee. This migration was the grand dispersal southward from Virginia, the mother of us all.

The settlement of North Carolina had been slow from the first. The rough terrain of the coast had discouraged ships from England in the early days and the formation of the land and rivers had discouraged settlers from Virginia. The usual transportation of farm produce by rivers in Virginia was hindered by falls and other impediments in North Carolina which made it more practical to haul the produce by wagon to Virginia on the north and that of the south to South Carolina. Also, the forests of North Carolina were more difficult to clear than those of Virginia and South Carolina and the latter, thus, had an earlier and more highly developed culture. It was these conditions that prompted the classic descriptive phrase, "North Carolina is a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit."

Possibly it was because of these discouraging conditions in North Carolina that James, eldest son of John Ogburn, Jr., did not remain there after the war. Cultivation of tobacco was being discouraged, and that of cotton encouraged by England where the textile industry was being developed, and the soil of North Carolina did not grow the best cotton. So, following his service in the Revolution James Ogburn took his family to Georgia. However, many Ogburns did stay in North Carolina and their descendants are there today. A relative of our John Ogburn, whose name was James, came from Brunswick County, Virginia, and settled in the northern part of the state near Winston-Salem and his descendants are in that vicinity today. One of the early plantations of that branch of the family was located north of Winston-Salem at Ogburn Station. It was a big tobacco plantation and the family later formed companies and built factories for processing their produce. The Ogburn tobacco company later sold out to the R. J. Reynolds Co. A member of this Ogburn family is our good friend Cicero Ogburn, the well-known chemical engineer on the faculty of Bucknell University in the 1930's

who later left the university and became a business executive in the chemical industry.

Mr. Cicero Ogburn has told us that before his grandfather's death the family used to gather at the plantation (now Ogburn Station) for Christmas dinner. Fifty or more out of the sixty-eight members of the family returned to the plantation every Christmas for a family reunion. Lest so many Ogburns, sixty-eight close kin in one family, lead you to think I may take them up one by one let us return to our side of the fence—or county.

James Ogburn had been born in Virginia in 1770 and at twenty-one he married Edith Youngblood, the daughter of Thomas, a neighbor of the Ogburns. We have an interesting document concerning this marriage which gives an idea of the serious aspects of marriage in those days. Though they were not entirely arranged by their families, property rights were considered important, as shown by their agreement:

Know all men by these present that we James Ogburn and Thomas Youngblood jun. both of the state of North Carolina in the county of Johnston are held and firmly bound into his Excellency Alexander Martin Esqr. Governor of the State aforesaid or his successor in office in the sum of Five Hundred pounds current money to which payment were & truly to be made & done we and each of us bind ourselves & each of our heirs Extors. Admrs. & jointly & severally firmly by these present sealed with our seals, and dated this the 5th day of May A.D. 1791.

The condition of the above obligation is such that where as the bounden James Ogburn both this day obtained a license for a marriage intended to be & solemnized between him & Edith Youngblood of the county aforesaid. Now if in case it shall not at any time hereafter appear that there is any lawful cause to obstruct said

marriage then the above obligation to be void else to remain in full force & virtue.

This promise to the Governor is signed by James Ogburn and Thomas Youngblood, Jr., who was either the father or brother of fair young Edith.

James and Edith Youngblood Ogburn's first child was Littleberry—the first of this branch of the family to be born outside Virginia. He was born in 1792 in North Carolina: in the "Valley of Humility."

The name of Littleberry is not strange to us for we know that he became the father of Charlton Ogburn who lived in Butler, Georgia. James named his little son for his step-brother who was only two years younger than he, while the step-brother Littleberry named his son for James. The two step-brothers grew up together and showed their devotion by each naming his eldest son for the other.

In the last half of the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth, cotton was becoming the most profitable crop in the South. Power-weaving as opposed to hand-weaving, had been developed in England during that half century and the manufacturers increasingly demanded more cotton to make into exportable goods. England was selling machine-made cotton cloth all over the world and the demand for cotton was great indeed. This growing demand for cotton influenced the Virginia and North Carolina planters to seek land more suitable for that product which lay farther south and southwest.

Since the Blue Ridge Mountains deterred expansion westward and the deep South provided both favorable climate and soil, planters turned their faces southward. The economic changes that had been slowly taking place in the last half of the eighteenth century were greatly accelerated by the invention of the cotton

gin in 1793 and many planters were looking toward Georgia, the only colony then open in the far South. Savannah had been a growing town for some fifty years or more and many cotton plantations had grown up along the Savannah River and inland for a short distance. The news of the beautiful virgin lands lying under the sun and the many rivers for transportation traveled back to Virginia and planters sold their lands and became cotton growers.

In 1782 the whites had gained a strip of the Indian territory lying just west of the Savannah River and as we know, they were to push the Indians westward and eventually entirely out of the state. James Ogburn in North Carolina knew of this open land and also knew that cotton was bringing higher and higher prices. So profitable a commodity and cheap fertile land were tempting indeed and he joined friends in a move to Georgia.

By waiting until about 1810 to make their move to Georgia, the Ogburns fortunately missed one of the most unhappy periods of that state's history—the period following the Revolution. At the close of the Revolutionary War only the section of the Savannah River was occupied by white planters and in that strip there were approximately 1,900 whites and 1,600 slaves. Some of these people were Patriots and some Tories. They became bitter enemies and what amounted to Civil War was waged between them for about two years. Next door neighbors fought each other with bitter hatred and savage cruelty. Murder, theft, and wholesale destruction of property had left the county almost in ruins. Homes had been burned, farms devastated, and communities broken up. Savannah and Augusta barely escaping destruction. Agriculture was badly crippled and consequently there was little money and much poverty. Quarreling and duels were frequent and life was held cheap. Not until after the Loyalists' property was confiscated, sold, and the money put in the State Treasury, and many

of the Loyalists had left the state, did the disturbances give way to peace and order.

Hancock County, where the Ogburns planned to make their home, was just east of the strip already under cultivation by the whites and which had been occupied by the Loyalists. Many of the Virginia planters had taken up land there and that may have been a factor in James' choice. In any case, he chose Hancock County rather than the section a little farther north usually chosen by the migrants from North Carolina. This settlement of the eastern section of the state was the beginning of the "Cotton Kingdom" which had a spectacular rise to power as it extended westward along a strip of miraculously fertile land with summers long enough for more than one crop of some products.

It was a long journey from the Virginia border of North Carolina to Georgia in that day. There was no way to go but by wagons, carriages or horseback. The household furniture and the agricultural tools were packed into the wagons, the women and children into the carriages or Jersey wagons, the men rode horseback, and the male slaves drove the cattle. Even with no delays along the way the trip always took a month and often longer. We get a conception of the journey being undertaken when we compare the time it took then with the time the same journey can be made today. By air it takes less than two hours. Suppose at the end of their long hot trip with many stops for rest and repairs someone had said to James, "In a hundred years a brave man like you will be able to drive his car over that road from the border of Virginia to Hancock County in one day, and in 150 years your great-grandson, William Fielding Ogburn, will take a plane and make it in two hours." He would not have believed it; he could not have imagined such a transformation. On their profitable cotton plantation in the eastern section of the cotton belt James Ogburn lived to be an old man.

But the reward of his old age was the success of his son Eldridge as a planter and his son Littleberry who moved to the western border of the famous "belt." A third son gave him even more happiness by becoming a preacher. Religion had been at a low ebb among the planters and was just then being revived, and a family that produced a preacher was even more highly respected than those who produced successful cotton growers. James died on his land of cotton happy in the knowledge that his son would bring spiritual sustenance to the planters.

V

The Wynnes of England

THE Southern branch of the Wynn family (it was the Georgia Wynns who dropped the "e" changing the spelling as soon as they crossed the border) traces its lineage through Colonel Robert Wynne of Charles City County, Virginia. He came from England to make his home in the colony in 1651. Though he was only twenty-nine years old, from the first he took part in the public life of the county and of the colony, holding various offices. His father and grandfather in Canterbury, England, had been active in governmental affairs and no doubt that fact had its influence on the activities of Colonel Robert Wynne in Virginia.

The records of Charles City County, Virginia, have many references to Captain Robert Wynne, who later became a colonel. In 1658, seven years after his arrival in the colony, he became a member of the House of Burgesses and served there until 1675—seventeen years. For fourteen years of the seventeen he was Speaker of the House. He was a large property owner of his county and his will also listed considerable property in England.

Robert Wynne was the son of Peter Wynne and the grandson of Robert Wynne, who was living at Canterbury in the shire of Kent, England in 1590 and was born at Shrewsbury, Shropshire, in 1563. We do not know the name of this first Robert's father, but we know that he married Frances Wattmer, of the Wattmer family of long lineage that may have gone from Shrewsbury to

Canterbury at about the same time as Robert Wynne moved there. The thought that the two families went to the southeastern city together or at periods of time not widely separated is prompted by the knowledge that in those days friends often made their moves from one part of the country to another together, or one person moved to a place because he had old friends there. Be that as it may, we know that Robert Wynne and the Wattmers were interested in the wool business and after serving an apprenticeship Robert became a woollen draper whose dealings were in woollen cloth. Woollen drapers were the heads of the wool industry who set the prices, appointed the apprentices, regulated amounts, and arranged for exporting the wool and woollen cloth. Robert also was an Alderman of Canterbury and later became mayor.

The father of Frances, Robert's wife, was William Wattmer, who also was an Alderman. William was born in 1535 and married Johanna Hatch, of a distinguished family who bore arms. William Wattmer also bore arms. The heraldic records of the Wattmer and Hatch families which are in our files go back to about 1400 and show that several members of each had crests and arms. Frances Wattmer was the great, great, great granddaughter of Johannes Watmoughe? of Cheshire.

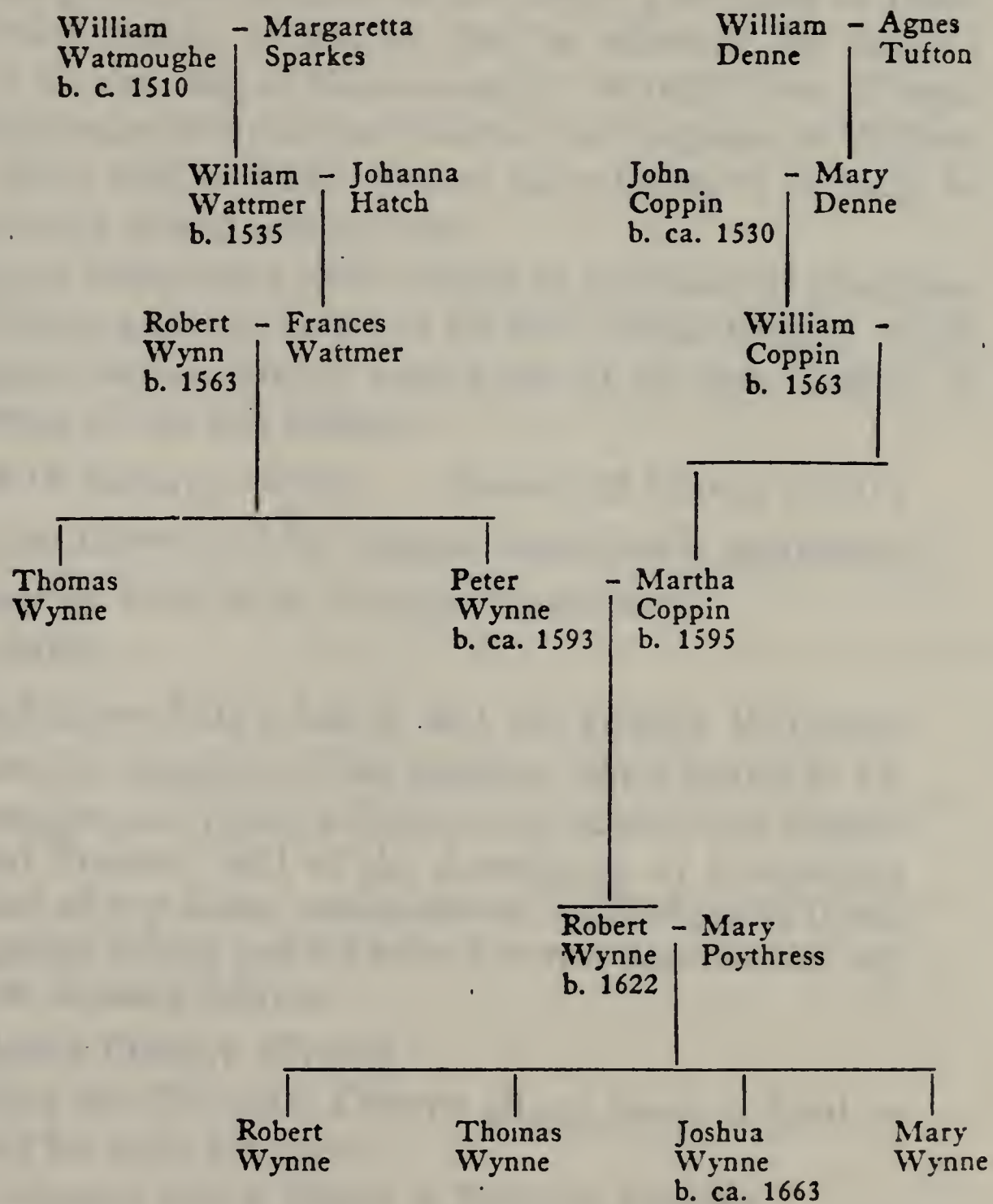
The woollen business at that time was the largest and most important industry in England. In fact, it was by raising sheep and making woolens that the small island pushed itself into the ranks of the powerful nations of the world. The climate of England favored the growth of a superior type of wool and in turn the sheep were favored by superior type of pasturage in certain counties. At the time Robert Wynne and the Wattmers came from Wales to Canterbury fabulous fortunes were being made in the wool business and Canterbury was an industrial town near the ports where the woollen goods were sent to the European

continent. There were several Wynnes in the exporting towns and they may have been connected in business with Robert Wynne of Canterbury, or even related to him.

In ancient times Canterbury was the capital of the Kingdom of Kent. Its situation on the southeast coast made it a route of European migration which had great influence on Kent's cultural development. "The free city of Canterbury," free because it was not under royal rule, became a city of the Church of England. In 1256 its freedom was confirmed by Henry III "at an annual fee of 60 pounds." As a religious center Canterbury was to England what Rome was to Italy and there was a continual inflow of priests and teachers from the continent to this religious town. It was there that the ambitious Thomas à Becket was murdered by the friends of King Henry II, whom he had opposed in his plans for unifying the judicial system of England under the crown. Part of the system had been ecclesiastical courts of the Roman church.

In those days towns and villages had overlords who owned them, collecting taxes from the people who had no freedom in appointing or electing their officials. For years the inhabitants of towns in England and their overlords before and later had struggled for supremacy and not many up to then were fortunate enough to gain their freedom as did Canterbury. In Ireland even in the late 1800's there were small communities practically owned by the family living in the Manor House. There is an illustration of this "lag" in the Irish branch of the Turnley family, mentioned in my family record "As I Remember Them." In a letter from John Turnley written to Parmenas Turnley of Chicago in 1861 he gave his home as Drumasole, Glenarm, County Antrim, Ireland. Though at that late period the Turnleys of Drummasole Manor House probably acted as protectors of the town of Glenarm rather than collecting taxes from it as

WYNNES IN ENGLAND



earlier, still they wielded a strong influence in its government.

Robert's son, Peter Wynne, gentleman, as he always appears in the records, was born at Canterbury. It is an official record that he was given the freedom of the city by patrimony in 1626. By patrimony means, of course, that he inherited his father's position in the city, that of his citizenship. In 1620 Peter Wynne, about twenty years old, married Martha, the daughter of William Coppin. Peter died in 1638; and at Saint George's in Kent he and Martha lie buried side by side.

Martha's father left a will in which he mentions his grandson, Robert Wynne, and also refers to his son, Joshua Coppin, which is of interest because Robert named one of his sons Joshua. A brief abstract of his will follows:

Dated 15 January 1632/3 Proved 22 March 1633/4

WILLIAM COPPIN of St. George, Canterbury, gentleman.

To poor of Deal & St. George, Canterbury.

Wife JANE

Grandchildren MARY SMITH and her brother WILLIAM.

ELIZABETH, daughter of my daughter SARA SMITH at 19.

To youngest son JOSHUA COPPIN my lease of the Manor of Deal Prebend held of the Archbishop of Canterbury and also all my lands, tenements etc. in Sholden & Great Mongeham to him and his heirs for ever and likewise my lands in Romney Marsh

Grandchild ROBERT WYNNE

To eldest son WILLIAM COPPIN all my lands in Deal to him and his heirs for ever.

Maid servants Mary Player & Rebecca Pittocke.

Son WILLIAM executor.

When Peter Wynne married Martha Coppin August 12,

1620, there was brought into the Wynne family a long line of distinguished ancestors reaching back to the Court of Edward the Confessor. Martha's father William occupied the Manor House at Deal, not far from Canterbury, which had been the home of his parents. The will of John Coppin, William's father, who had married Mary Denne, lists his property as "My lands in Deal, Sholden, Great Mongehan, Lynne, East Langdon, Westcliffe, Guston and Bemisfield," but it is probable some of the vast property had come to him from his wife, Mary Denne Wynne. Mary was a descendant of Thomas de Den, who was in the Court of Edward the Confessor. At Deal, where Martha Coppin, who married Peter Wynne, was born, the vault of the deceased Coppins occupies the center of the aisle of the church and carries the inscription:

Here lieth the body of John Coppin, Gentleman, who had issue of 11 children . . . He deceased the 20 of May 1581.

Peter Wynne's will which follows is more interesting to us because of its references to Robert Wynne, his son:

Peter Wynne of St. Margaret's, Canterbury, gent.

To be buried in the church of St. Georges near my father and mother.

To the poor of the parish when I die 10 shillings to be distributed by my wife Martha, whom I appoint executrix. To my son Robert Wynne one cokernutt cupp tipped & footed with silver, my seal ring, all my silver plate marked R.W. & my pocket watch.

The remainder of my goods to Martha my wife.

To my said wife all my houses, lands, tenements, etc., for life, & after her decease, the said houses, etc., together with all leases, to my son Robert Wynne. If he die without issue & my wife have no other issue by me, then I give

to Christopher, son of Paul May of Canterbury, deceased, two small menages in St. Georges, in Dover Lane, in the occupation of Rawlins, ropemaker, & his son. To Elizabeth May, another child of Paul May, one other menage in the said Lane, in the occupation of Arnolde Popjoy. To my sister Anne, wife of Roger Pey of London, two menages in Stower St., St. Mildreds, Canterbury, & another in Hernebitt, in Kent.

If my said son Robert die without issue, then to my said wife my menage in Whitstable or Leonatter at Lynches Banckes, in occupation of Walter Rice. If the two children of Paul May shall enjoy the said legacies, they to pay out of the same to my sister Pey 10 pounds, i.e. the said Christopher 4 pounds, & the said Elizabeth 6 pounds within six months of enjoying the same.

Dated 21 May, 1638

Proved 31 May, 1638

(Archdeaconry Court of Canterbury. Original Will, 1638)

To return to the Wynne family, Robert Wynne I died at Canterbury in 1609 and was buried at Saint George's Parish with his wife. It is well to remember the name "Saint George" because it comes into the picture again. Robert Wynne lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. In 1590, when he was an Alderman in Canterbury, England was at war with Spain and England's Shakespeare was writing the best plays and finest verse of all time.

Although the will of Robert Wynne does not mention his grandson Robert, it does mention his wife and his brothers-in-law, William Wattmer:

Will synopsis of Robert Wynne late of St. Mary Bredman in the City of Canterbury, Alderman, deceased.

To his wife Frances he gave half his goods & chattels & to his children the other half.

His wife Frances to be executrix & his brother William Wattmer to be overseer.

He wills that his wife should pay to Sara Effield her legacy given her in the will of Christopher Effield her father, deceased, to whom he, the testator was executor. In the presence of Joseph Collfe, James Bissell, Clerk, Leonard Ashenden.

No date.

Proved 5 December 1609.

Bond of Alexander Lamb of Canterbury, Glover, in 1000 pounds.

(Comistory Court of Canterbury, vol. 41.f.4.)

The intermarriages of Robert and Peter Wynne with the families of Coppins and Wattmers gave to their son and grandson Robert Wynne, who went to Virginia, not only other lines of distinguished ancestors but much property as well.

The histories of the Wynnes, Coppins, Wattmers, Dennes, Hatches, Tuftons, and other related families are found in the archives of Canterbury Cathedral. In 1953 when my husband and I were staying at Oxford we went to Canterbury partly to see the Cathedral and partly to trace family records, and we found the latter under the care of an elderly gentleman of 80 who was one of the few persons who could read the script of the records. He had the key to the Cathedral tower where the Cathedral records are stored but he said he did not go up to work often as there were sixty steps to climb and the tower was not heated. Although we did not see the records we had copies made which are now in our files.

We went to see the Church of Saint George where in the churchyard are buried Peter and Martha Coppin Wynne, but we found it had been almost demolished by German planes in the

Second World War. However, we walked along the street of Saint George and other streets where certain properties of the Wynnes were located. Our hotel was on a street near which Robert must have lived and we assume he walked often where we were then walking. As we walked on Whitstable Street we remembered that Robert Wynne in Virginia had willed properties on that street to his sons.

This rich experience sent us back to the States feeling very close to the Wynnes and the families they had married into and with the pleasant thought that the descendants of Robert Wynne who came to Virginia in 1651 would be pleased to share our newly acquired knowledge of our ancestors.

At the time Robert Wynne came to Virginia there was great unrest due to the Civil War in England, and especially so in and around London. Canterbury was near enough to London to be strongly affected by the same unrest. In September 1651, the year Robert left for the colonies, Oliver Cromwell entered London in triumph, deposing Charles II, and at that time many royalists, fearing the consequences of protestant rule, left England.

The Civil War was disturbing to the clothiers of Kent and the attempt of the King to prevent the sale of cloth into London started a depression in the woolen industry that lasted through the Cromwell Wars with the Dutch and with Spain. Furthermore shifts in the location of the woolen business were already leading to the decline of drapers in Kent. The depressed condition of this industry in which Robert's father, Peter, and grandfather, Robert, had prospered was probably a factor in leading to young Robert's migration.

As to why young Robert decided to go to Virginia there are several reasons. As an exporter of woolen cloth he was familiar

with the markets on the continent of Europe. But he chose to go to America, which too had a growing demand for cloth.

Perhaps the spirit of adventure led Robert Wynne to undertake the risky and uncomfortable voyage more than did the unrest or the desire to gain financially by the move as so many others were doing at that period. He owned a good deal of property and undoubtedly was motivated by other reasons than financial ones. Subsequently, his will mentioned four or five houses and pieces of property located in or near Canterbury. To one son he left the place in Whitstable Parish called "Linebett Banckes" and to another he left "a house and Oatmeal Mill lying in Dover Lane outside Saint George's Parish, in Canterbury, known as Lilly Pot, and two other houses adjoining"—and other Kent properties were left to other members of his family.

Robert Wynne may have been induced to leave his old home because in his family he may have heard much talk of the colonists in Virginia. As far back as 1609, the year of the death of his grandfather Robert Wynne, the records show that a Captain Peter Wynne and a Captain Thomas Wynne were concerned with the London Company (sometimes called the Virginia Company), which financed the Virginia Colony. In Henning's *Statutes* we find both Peter and Thomas Wynne mentioned in relation to granting the "Charter and Incorporation of Company of Virginia . . . The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London for the First Colony of Virginia," and dated May 25, 1609.

In addition we find that both Captains, Thomas and Peter, actually came to Virginia. Peter came with Captain Newport on his mission of relief to the little Virginia Colony in 1608. They arrived in September of that year and Peter Wynne immediately became a member of the governing council. Later he was appointed deputy Governor by Sir William Gates. But Captain

Peter did not serve in that office because the appointment came after his death. He lived in Virginia less than a year. Sir William Gates sailed from England June, 1609, to be Governor but his ship was wrecked on Bermuda. While he sought means for the continuation of his journey he sent a commission to request Captain Peter Wynne, a councilman in whom he had great confidence, to act as Deputy Governor. Thus Wynne had the distinction of the appointment, but only after he had been dead several months. He was one of the early settlers who could not adapt himself to the peculiar "sickness" so many Englishmen suffered during those first fifty years of the Colony. At the time he arrived there were only five on the governing board, those who had not died and who had not returned to England. After Wynne's death Captain John Smith was the sole surviving member. The following is from the Records of the Virginia Company:

Instructions to Sir Thomas Gates Knight Governor of Virginia by his majesties counsell.

4. Being settled in your government you shall call unto you for your further advice their princepall officers and gentlemen: Sir George Summers Knight and Admiral of Virginia, Captain John Smith now President, Captain John Radcliffe, Captain Peter Winne Lieutenant major of the fort, Mr. Mathew Screvener Sec'y of Council, Captain Martine, Captain Richard Waldo, master of the work, Captain Woode and Mr. Fleet Woode.

Family names were held sacred in those days. It is only recently that offspring are given names because they are pleasing to the ear. Therefore, the two names of Peter and Thomas Wynne referred to in records of 1609 are of particular interest.

The name Peter is not at all common in the voluminous records of Wynnes in Wales, and also in Kent, not as common as Robert and Thomas. There were two Peters in Kent and a

few in Wales. Thus there is some possibility that the Peter Wynne who was appointed acting governor of Virginia was a relative of Peter of Kent, whose father and whose son were named Robert. The Peter Wynne who went to Virginia in 1608 was of an age to have been the uncle of Peter Wynne of Canterbury. It is also interesting that Peter Wynne of Canterbury had a brother named Thomas; though the name Thomas is so common among the Wynnes of Wales and England that it should not be taken as evidence of kinship.

Thus we are led to think that the Captain Peter and Captain Thomas Wynne, who were concerned with the "Virginia Company" in 1609 perhaps were related to the Wynnes of Canterbury. It is possible they were brothers of Robert Wynne, who named his two sons Peter and Thomas, and they may have lived at London when the London Company was formed.

If this guess is correct it would throw light on why Captain Robert Wynne came to the Virginia Colony. He would have heard much about it and he would have been interested to see the progress of the colony in which the two Wynnes, who may have been his great uncles, had helped to found almost half a century earlier.

We get a picture of a young gentleman of twenty-nine, not yet married and without dependents, starting out on the big adventure. His parents, dead many years, had left him financially independent and he could well afford to cross the ocean and see for himself the Virginia he had heard so much discussed. Rich, and independent of family ties, this young gentleman, whose forebears had been active in the government of their city, was equipped to make his mark in the new world. That Robert Wynne was a royalist is indicated by the stand he later took with his king and the Virginia governor. That he was of the Church of England is proven by the county records. Remember, his grand-

parents and parents and their only other child, a daughter, were buried at Saint George's, while he himself was baptized at Saint Dunstons. His plantation on the south side of the James River which he received for bringing over twelve persons, he promptly named "Georges," which shows one of his personality traits to have been sentiment and respect for tradition.

Several other Wynnes lived in Canterbury, in London and also in other English towns in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Sir Thomas Wynne's home in the late 1600's was Seven Oaks in Kent. Records of 1613 mention Sir John Wynne, Sir Owen, Sir Richard and others. Several Peters and Thomases appear later who possibly are descendants of other branches of the Robert Wynne family.

It is possible others of the Wynne family came to Virginia, but left no descendants. Because of the unhealthy conditions where the colonists lived in the early 1600's about half of those who came over died soon after their arrival.

Especially was this true of the servants who worked in the low marshy ground, swarming with mosquitoes. The hot sun and unhealthy drinking water combined with the former to produce an unending epidemic of dysentery and malaria. The historian Wertenbaker says, "At frequent intervals . . . yellow fever, scurvy and plague swept over the infant colony, leaving behind a ghastly train of suffering and death." And he goes on to say that among some of the settlers upon the James the mortality at one time ran as high as 75 percent in a year.

One of the confusing points in the study of family records is the different spelling of names in the same family. The spelling of nearly all names was slightly changed as time went on, usually becoming simplified. Wynne was at first Gwinn, then Hwynn, followed by Wynne, Wynn, Winn and Win. It was Thomas Wynne in Georgia, who dropped the final e from the name.

Several men spelling the name Winn or Win were among the earliest settlers, at least two of whom were indentured. That is, they were brought over by someone who financed them.

Though indenture usually carries the connotation of servant, all of those who came to Virginia in this way were by no means of the servant class. The expensive journey across the Atlantic made it necessary for many people of moderate means to find more affluent persons to pay their expenses. The fare for the poorest accommodations was six pounds sterling, a sum beyond the means of many men of well-to-do families. If the traveler were entirely dependent upon a benefactor, he was placed under bond to work out his fare after arrival in the colony.

A great attraction for the settlers was the rich returns promised by tobacco. It was John Rolfe, who experimented with this plant of the new world and improved its quality, thereby establishing a lucrative commodity for Virginia. When it was found that a market was ready in England, among the upper classes tobacco became the first topic of conversation and thought. Everyone who had a plot of vacant ground planted tobacco and it is said even the streets of Jamestown were used to cultivate it. In 1627 the tobacco exports amounted to no less than half a million pounds.

The London Company of Virginia and other patriots were disappointed in this development because they had planned that Virginia, if it did not produce gold and silver, should be an industrial colony. It had been hoped the new colony would produce and send to England such commodities as the mother country was in great need of. All plans had been laid on the hope of its sending silk, glass, pig-iron and ships. Especially ships—or if not ships then the material out of which to make them. England's forests had been depleted and Virginia's virgin forests held out hope of stimulating the shipbuilding trade. But they had

not reckoned on the shortage of labor. At first, attempts were made to produce glass and a few such items, but without success. It was not until after such failures that tobacco became the important commodity.

Though the colony was repeatedly urged to produce manufactured goods or even other farm products, after once finding tobacco a natural growth of the country and a lucrative commodity as well the colonists held to it. Charles I wrote to the Governor and Council in 1636 telling them to reduce the quantities of the plant each year and produce some other staples. However, tobacco remained the principal export of the colony until the textile mills were developed in England in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Virginia then with these prospects must have appeared as a good place for Robert Wynne to live after the disorganization and disruption of the struggles between King Charles and Cromwell. Civil wars were much more horrible for the population of England than wars fought in other lands.

VI

Robert Wynne and His Son Joshua

THERE can be little doubt that when Captain Robert Wynne was settled on his plantation, which he named "Georges," in Charles City County, Virginia, he planted tobacco. But he had arrived a bit too late to make the profit from it that had been so easily made earlier in the century. Tobacco prices were declining in the 1650's. The exceedingly low prices reached in the 1660's proved very nearly disastrous to the planters, and indeed entirely so to many of the small planters. Everyone felt the depression—from the richest to the poorest.

The low prices were due in part to trade restrictions laid on the colony by the British Parliament, and the planters were forbidden to send their tobacco to any country but England. Yet tobacco piled up in England because of taxes. Few owners could maintain their plantations on the poor return from their only big money crop; consequently, the colony became very poor. In fact, Virginia became such a poor place to live that many small landowners and indentured servants moved to other colonies. At that time even clothing which came from England in trade for tobacco became scarce. Fortunately, there was always an abundance of food.

Almost every planter, even the poorest, possessed cattle. Although he was too poor to have one servant he had sufficient cattle. All planters kept hogs because they could be turned into the woods to eat roots and acorns. But they did not keep sheep.

Acres cleared of trees could be used more profitably for planting than for pasture land. Everyone had chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese.

The Long Parliament of Virginia arose from the unrest of the depression. From 1661 to 1675 there were no elections to the House of Burgesses. It was completely under control of the Governor who feared replacements would weaken his control. Usually men of education and property were elected, but Governor Berkeley preferred that no changes be made. Robert Wynne was a member of the Long Parliament and Speaker of the House for 14 years of its duration. Although the members tended to side with the Governor on disputed issues, many of them were seriously hurt financially by the laws passed.

Just a few years after Robert Wynne arrived in Virginia he married Mary Poythress, and they were blessed with three sons and a daughter. Robert, naturally, was the name of the eldest son, Thomas was the second, and the third son, from whom the Georgia Wynnes are descended, was named Joshua. He probably was named for Joshua Coppin, brother of Robert's mother who was Martha Coppin before her marriage. Joshua Coppin inherited from his father the Manor House at Deal in Kent, England.

Mary Poythress was the widow of Captain Francis Poythress, who owned the plantation adjoining that of Captain Wynne. Careful inquiry into the Poythress family as to the name of Mary's father has not been successful. She is the one unidentified branch of this family.

Of Mary, the daughter of Robert and Mary Wynne, we know only that she married Captain John Woodlief, who was "Governor of Berkeley Hundred Plantation."

Of Captain Robert Wynne's sons, Robert, the eldest, died quite young. Thomas became Captain in the Prince George

County Militia after that county was cut out of Charles City County, and Joshua became a major.

Though we do not know what Robert Wynne's plantation looked like, we have a description of an average house of the average well-to-do planter in 1635. Things had changed somewhat by the time Robert Wynne arrived in '51 but a description of the typical planter's house of that day will help form an approximate picture of Robert Wynne's home. "It was made of wood, was forty feet wide, eighteen deep and had a chimney at each end. On either side was an additional apartment, one used as a study, the other as a buttery." The second floor provided space for two to four bedrooms and the kitchen was detached from the house.

After Wynne had been in the colony a while he received six hundred acres of land for transporting twelve persons from England. Obviously he returned to England and arranged for the transportation of the twelve but we have no way of knowing if they were indentured servants or friends of his who wished to come to Virginia. Probably there were some of each. A planter was given fifty acres for each person brought over. The following is the record of those brought over by Robert Wynne.

Several of the descendants of Robert Wynne were named Sloman Wynne, and one married a Redding. Both the names Sloman and Redding appear on this list.

Capt. Robert Wynne hath proved rights to six hundred acres of land for importation of twelve persons

John Sloman (twice)	Hugh Mackmaryhill
Thos Meridith	Elizabeth Jackson
John Clark	Anne Redding
Somersett Davis	Isabell Maggs
Stephen Nicholis	Elizabeth Winnright
Tho. Gauthier	

Another record reads, "Lt. Col. Drewe and Capt. Robert Wynne, each licensed to keep an Indian" which shows that he was still in need of labor. At a later date he was allowed still another Indian as a servant:

Lieut. John Banister allowed to have an Indian in his service. Also Capt. Dan'l Lewellin the same. Also Major Abra Wood two Indians. Also Capt. Robert Wynne an Indian,

was recorded in 1656.

The last two names are of interest to us because Wynne's son married the granddaughter of Abraham Wood.

Wynne was one of the Commissioners who ran the affairs of the county and also served as one of the judges of the court. By the court records we see that he was a regular attendant of the meetings of the Commissioners, rarely missing a session.

These notices make dull reading unless one is fascinated by the sleuthing technique of genealogy. The following items taken from Beverley Fleet's *Compiled Court Records of Charles City County* pertain to Robert Wynne's duties as a Commissioner, or "Justice" as they were also called.

It is ordered agreed and appointed that Robert Wynne bee hereby instructed and requested to send for and provide publicke weights and measures according to law and deliv'r the same to the president of the Co'rt the charge whereof the Co'rt promseth to see pd unto him at next levy.

It is ordered that Mr. Anthony Wyatt and Capt. Robert Wynne for the Southside and Mr. John Holmwood and Capt. Edward Hill for the Northside of the Coun. bee surveyo'rs for the Highwayes and that they imploy and improve the labor'r of 10 men on each side

for fifty dayes and see the said wayes fitted and prepared according to act of assembly for paymt of w^{ch} markemen there is 2500 lb. tobb^y raysed whereof the sherr. is appointed to deliv^r halfe to said Mr. Holmwood and Capt. Edward Hill for paymt of their workemen and reserve the other halfe to himselfe and Capt. Wynne to pay the markemen imployed on the Southside.

Lt. Coll. Tho: Drew, Mr. Anthony Wyatt and Capt. Robt. Wynne are hereby requested and instructed by the Co^{rt} to dispose and sell the publicke houses at merchts hope and the land apperteyning, and imploy the produce thereof to the good and benefit of the people of the Southside of the Coun. who were particularly charged with the building them.

The items on the expense account of "the Co^{rt}" give a picture of young Robert going to and from Jamestown on the business of a burgess:

Capt. Wynne for Burgesse charges with caske 48 dayes 07920.

Capt. Wynne for prest men to Row to and fro Jamestowne 00990

Capt. Wynne for expenses of prest men 1050 lb wth Caskis 01155

The expenses of the burgesses were paid in tobacco, and the container, or "caske" was included. "Prestmen" presumably were men pressed into service.

Here he is appointed by the court to handle an estate:

Abstract, Bond, 20 Nov. 1663, John Cogan of Merchant's Hope chirurgeon to Capt. Robt. Wynne Gent. in behalf of the Court of C. C. Co. Binds items listed in

schedule below to secure the estate and free education of the orphans of Capt. Richd Tye deceased.

The list of the estate follows the bonding of Capt. Wynne—one of many estates he handled for the court.

The item "Capt. Wynne for 22 days Burgess charges 3300" shows the amount in tobacco he received per day for representing Charles City County in the House of Burgesses.

Vestrymen were responsible for the payment of the minister and the following record lists the names of those in 1661 when Robert Wynne was 39:

Att a meeting held at Westov'r Jan'ry the 4th 1661
by sev'rall vestryes of Cha. City Coun.

Att is agreed and concluded amongst the sev'all vestryes of Charles Citty Coun. that they will entertaine in their sev'rall precincts one minister for this ensuing yeare, and willingly allow him 20 lb of tobbo per head, collected, with caske: And this is agreed and consented to by the unanimous consent of the whole com'm reference to the knowne Lawes of his Ma'tie and our Duties in point of Church Gov'nment, to wch we have subscribed our hands the Day and yeare above written

Ed Hill
Thomas Drewe
Anthony Wyatt
Robert Wynne
John Holmwood
Israille Dennes
Otho Southcott

James Ward
John Cogan
John Wall
Will' Bird
ffer: Aston
John Drayton

From the above list we note the name Dennes. One of Robert Wynne's ancestors in Kent was named Denne.

In Colonial Virginia the Vestrymen had considerable power

in their community. The Episcopal Church was a state church established by law and supported by a tax, and frequently the parishes coincided with the boundaries of the counties. The vestries were composed of the more able and important men of the parishes, who often also were magistrates of the county courts. Though the Vestrymen had power it was a limited class of laws they were charged with administering.

To leave Robert Wynne and return to his sons does not mean that he is being abandoned in the prime of life but rather it is to round out the man with his family life. His youngest son, Joshua, was born in 1663, when his father was occupied with many phases of county offices, as well as all the duties of a plantation. Joshua is of especial interest to us, for had he succumbed to one of the sicknesses that plagued the young colony because of the prevailing unhealthy conditions there never would have been any Georgia Wynnes to write about.

Though we know nothing of Joshua Wynne's youth there are many records to show us what kind of man he grew to be: A county proprietor like his father, Robert, his grandfather, Peter, and great-grandfather, Robert, both of Canterbury, England. Major Joshua Wynne was thirty-nine when elected to the House of Burgesses, while his father had been thirty-six. However, Joshua was a County Commissioner of Charles City at a younger age.

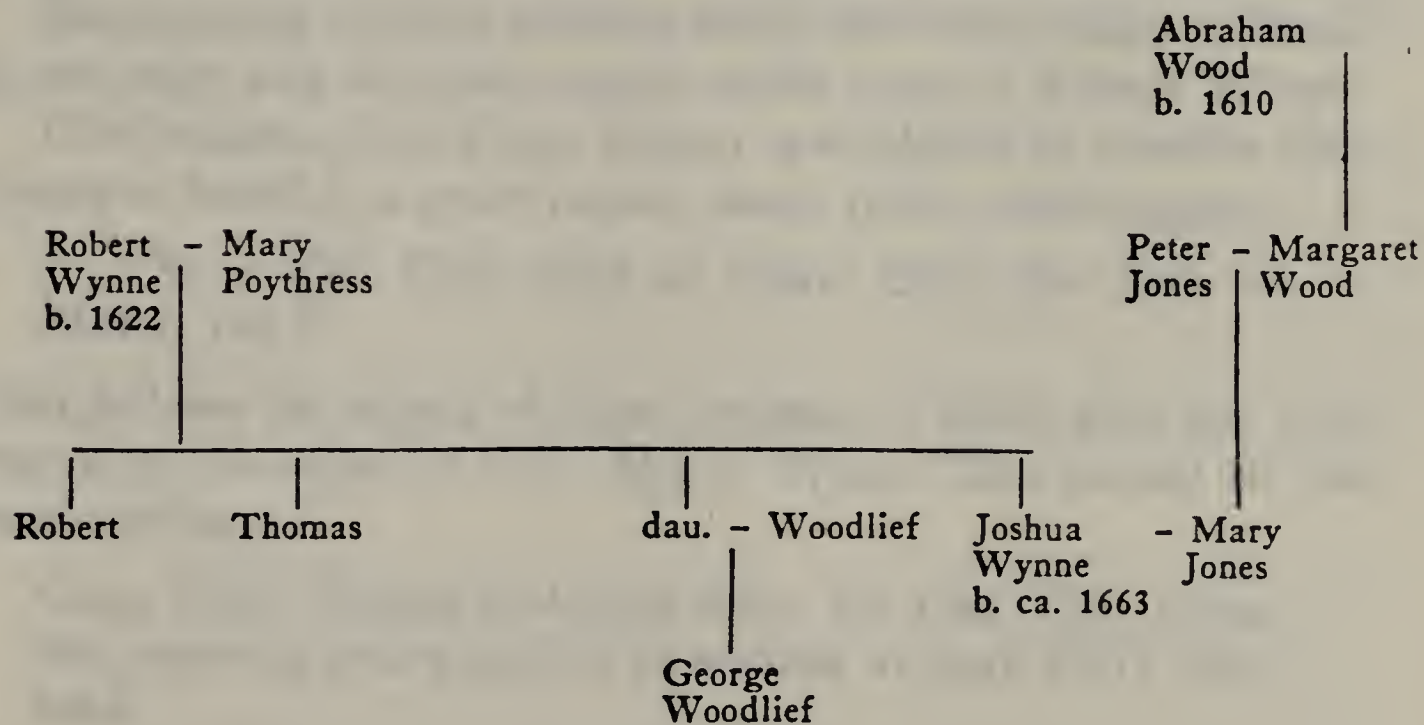
A few years later, just at the finish of his session as a burgess, which was from 1702 to 1705, we find him sheriff and Justice of Peace of Prince George County. Joshua did not move to that county as one might think, for Prince George was cut out of Charles City. New counties were created as the population increased. Without moving a step from his home on Monkes Neck Creek in Charles City County he eventually lived in Dinwiddie County.

Joshua Wynne married into an interesting family. The Jones family was not just another Jones family but they were outstanding Joneses. Mary Jones, who became his wife, was the daughter of Peter Jones and Margaret Wood Jones, whose son Peter Jones founded the town of Petersburg, Virginia. Also he built the old place, standing today, called "Raceland," where some of America's most famous race horses were raised. "Timoleon," one of the greatest race horses in Virginia history, is publicly noted by the state of Virginia by a roadside marker giving his birthplace as Raceland. This plantation he later gave to his granddaughter (Joshua's and Mary's daughter) who had married Thomas Goodlief. Mary's mother, Margaret Wood Jones, was the daughter of Abraham Wood, and in her will to Major Joshua Wynne she made a gift of a negro boy. To her grandson Joshua she left two steers and to each of her grandsons, Robert and William Wynne, she gave a cow.

Abraham Wood, the father of Margaret Wood Jones, was quite a fellow. He and Robert Wynne had been friends fifteen years before the marriage of Mary Jones to Joshua Wynne. Wood came to Virginia, a little boy of ten years, in 1620, thirty years before Robert Wynne came. He came in the ship, *Margaret and John*, which encountered enemies in the West Indies. Spanish men-of-war successfully beat off the enemy but not before several passengers were killed. Little Abraham escaped unhurt but he was left an orphan and continued the journey to Virginia alone. We know that five years later he was living at Jamestown. When he grew up he also became a member of the House of Burgesses, a member of the Council of State, and, later still, was one of the four major generals in Virginia.

The earliest record of an expedition into the wild country in the western part of Virginia, which became Lunenburg County, is that of Edward Bland and Abraham Wood, made in 1650.

COL. ROBERT WYNNE'S CHILDREN



They made an extended tour of the Indian Country and later on he was the patron of many other expeditions to the wild west. Partly he was interested in trade but also the opening up of the western section of the state was in the air and he was one of the first adventurers. Many famous men of Virginia followed him in expeditions planned to survey the new territory, one of whom was his grandson, William Wynne. Col. Wood lived at Fort Henry, where Petersburg now stands. We know that his grandson, Peter Jones, founder of Petersburg, went with William Byrd to run the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina.

But drawing the line between those two states takes us ahead of our story and we must return to the time of Robert Wynne.

Our evidence that Capt. Robert was Sheriff in Charles City County is found in a court record dated 1657, which begins:

“At a q'r'l Cort held at Chas. Citty the 26th of
March 1657”

Then follows the names of those present, of which only one is of interest to us—that of Col. Abram Wood. The record of the court continues:

Capt. Robt. Wynne is elected sherr. for Cha. Citty Coun.
this ensuring yeare and to be sworne at next Co'rt there
held.

vera copia

Test

Tho. Brereton cl. cou.

While at that date, 1657, sheriffs and other officers were elected, later, when the colony was hard hit by the laws laid down by the King and despotically enforced by Governor Berkeley, sheriffs were appointed by the Governor, who used such offices as a whip to keep his county men in line. All military offices, sheriffs, surveyors, and vestrymen of the time of The Long

Parliament were appointed by the Governor, from among the rich planters. He could count upon them to vote his way. At that period there was no vestige of democratic government in Virginia.

Robert Wynne and his friends, who included William Byrd, Abraham Wood and others with well-known Virginia names, though efficient executors and administrators, were not liberals and were far from being even the progressives of their time. Today they would be considered reactionaries. Though they were ignorant of the consequences, they helped in their royalist way, to bring on the "revolt"—Bacon's Rebellion, which followed the dark days of The Long Parliament.

That Robert Wynne stayed at home and carried out the wishes of Governor Berkeley seems to be the case, whether we approve or not. At the end of The Long Parliament he ceased to be a representative in the House of Burgesses. He died three years later at the age of 56 and was buried in Jordan's Parish, Charles City County, Virginia. His will divided his property as follows:

Estate in Eng.: To elder son Thomas he left one farm in Whitstable Parish in Kent near Canterbury commonly called Linebett Bancks. If he die, to my son Joshua and daughter Woodlief. To my son Thomas two houses in Canterbury in the same Parish as the said farm.

To my youngest son Joshua Wynne one house and Oatmeal mill lying in Dover Lane without Saint George's in Canterbury, commonly called "Lilly Pot" and two houses adjoining where the rope maker and one Rawlins were tenants.

Estate in Virginia. To my son Thomas all the cattle of his own work except one moll which is to be killed for provision. To my son Joshua my plantation Georges with

all the tobacco houses. To my daughter Woodlief one servant of former years to serve the next shipping after my decease. To my grandchild and God-son young George Woodlief one filly foal. All the rest of my estate in Va. and Eng. to my wife and executrix Mary Frances Wynne.

Contrary to the custom of the times, Robert Wynne did not leave all his property to his eldest son. He left his plantation to Joshua, who was the youngest, and he divided his property in England between him and Thomas. The primogeniture system was designed to keep a man's property intact. Undoubtedly Wynne wished his Virginia property to be held intact, while he had no objection to dividing his Kent property.

If Joshua's share of the Kent property was sold we have no record of it, but many records of his purchases of Virginia land are found. He bought large tracts of land in Prince George and Dinwiddie counties (the latter was cut out of the former). The land was soon exhausted by continual tobacco planting and far-seeing planters kept on hand far more than they could immediately use. Joshua obviously invested in land for either his or his son's future use. He, with two friends, purchased something like 30,000 acres in Dinwiddie where later on we find some of his descendants living. His third son, William, who is underscored for us on the family chart, lived for awhile in Dinwiddie, though he purchased many acres in other counties. William, who was a bold and picturesque adventurer, will be given his dues later.

After Bacon's Rebellion a period of confusion descended on Virginia, but by the end of the century the House of Burgesses again represented the people and not the king. "Long years of watchfulness, of resistance to encroachments upon their rights, had moulded them into a body that the most cunning executive could not cajole nor intimidate," says Wertenbaker, the historian.

When Joshua Wynne was first a member of the House of

Burgesses it was beginning the long and honorable career that played the important part in winning independence for Virginia. By that time the colony was quite different from the times of his father; and in fact, it had grown out of the experimental era entirely. The social life was different, too. Virginia was rapidly growing up.

Except for Joshua Wynne's family and his county activities there is little known about him, unfortunately. However, we catch a glimpse of him at 48 as "a good figure" of a man in *The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover*—the son of Robert Wynne's contemporary, and a member of the Council in Joshua's day—from which the following quotation under date of August 28, 1711 is taken:

I rose about 6 o'clock and read a chapter in Hebrew and 100 verses in Homer. I said my prayers and had tea and bread and butter for breakfast. Dick Cocke came to hear what news and told me the alarm took through the country and all the people would be together about 2 o'clock. He would not stay to drink. Presently after came Colonel Littlebury Eppes, came for news likewise, and as soon as he was gone came Major Wynne and told me that Prince George County were all in arms because of the alarm of Henrico. I told him the reason of it. He said John Bolling set such a heap of straw on fire in the night that it caused two beacons of Prince George to be set on fire. The Major had his holsters at his girdle and an armor bearer that carried his pistols, which made a good figure. He would not stay to dinner. I ate a roast chicken for dinner. In the afternoon I read some French and Latin. In the evening came Mr. Bland's boy with letters from him and Dr. Cocke that told me the seven ships supposed to be French that entered into the James River were English. As soon as I received this account I sent

away expresses to the Militia of Henrico to let them know it, that they might go home if they pleased. I also sent an account of it to Prince George for the same reason. This was just as I suspected, and everything seemed quiet again, thank God. I said my prayers and had good health, good thoughts, and good humor, thank God Almighty.

We can picture Joshua in 1711 as a former Commissioner, and then Justice of the Peace, who at that time had practically the same duties as a judge. Four years later he was killed by the Indians. One of his servants killed an Indian Chief and according to the custom of their people it was necessary that an Indian kill a correspondingly high-placed man of the white tribe. From the pages of the *History of Pittsylvania County* comes this account of the sad circumstances of his death:

Major Joshua Wynne was shot and killed by an Indian because his servant had killed one of their great men, and upon the trial of the Indian they pleaded that we were the aggressors and that they never rest without revenge; and that now they said that we and they were equal having each lost a great man, wherefore to avoid more blood-shed there was a necessity to pardon the Indian.

At his death Joshua Wynne was only 52 years old; the father of a large family and the proprietor of a large plantation.

VII

William Wynne and the Three Thomases

WILLIAM WYNNE, at the time of the sudden death of his father Joshua Wynne in 1715, was sixteen. His three brothers Peter, Robert, and Thomas were older than he and Francis was younger. While his father Joshua spent his life at his plantation in Prince George County, William followed the pattern of the pioneering adventures of his grandfather Robert who came to the Virginia Colony at twenty-nine. No doubt he was somewhat influenced by his mother's father, Captain Peter Jones, and his great-grandfather, the bold Major-General Abraham Wood, both of whom became famous adventurers, a word used in those days for independent young men who ventured to go to new land and make new discoveries. Abraham Wood made his first expedition into Western Virginia in 1650 and as early as 1671 had crossed the Blue Ridge mountains and made new explorations there.

The era of William Wynne, the story of whose life follows now, was one of pushing civilization to the west in Virginia. He, with others of like mind, changed the map of Virginia which was then rapidly becoming in area what it is today. At that time it was necessary that Virginia settle its western lands because the French, who had long been enemies of the English, were coming down the Mississippi from Canada and up from New Orleans with intent to push farther towards the east. They had carried on intrigues with the Indians as a part of their plan and it was

the immediate responsibility of the Virginians to save the territory for the English.

This impending conflict between the French and English settlers of America later became a reality in the French and Indian wars that took place before our War of Independence was fought against the English. The French and Indian wars were fought at the time that William was acquiring territory for himself and helping to carve out and settle new counties for Virginia. Indians played a part in his life as they had done in the life of his father Joshua.

Fortunately, Virginia histories and county records supply the material from which we learn the important activities of William Wynne's life. From a county record of 1721 we learn that he appeared as a witness from Brunswick County at a Prince George court, not that that was important in county life but rather that it places him for us. From this item we know that at 22 years of age he was living in Brunswick County which is just west of Prince George and Dinwiddie. It was in Brunswick County that John Ogburn, the ancestor of Charlton Ogburn of Butler, Georgia, acquired land and lived for a time, perhaps a little later than the time that William Wynne, the ancestor of Irene Wynn Ogburn, Charlton's wife, lived there. It is probable that he was then living on a part of his father's plantation in Prince George County from which Brunswick County had been made. Many references to Major Joshua Wynne's plantation locates it south of the Nottoway river and near Monck's Neck Creek, in the southern part of Prince George County. Brunswick County covered the area from Prince George to the Blue Ridge and out of it were made Lunenburg, Mecklenburg, Halifax, Pittsylvania and other counties.

Since early marriages were the custom in those days it is

possible William had married by 1721, the date he appeared as a witness in Prince George county. While we know his wife's name was Frances, unfortunately there is no record that gives her surname. Their sons were Thomas, John, William and Robert and their daughters were Mary, who married a Wynne, Margaret, who married a Hendrix, Elizabeth, who married an Echols, and Martha, who married a Dixon. It is thought that all of the children were born in eastern Virginia—and all married after the family moved west.

While William was still quite young he joined one or more expeditions to the little-known Indian territory of western Virginia. In 1733, when he was 34 years old, he was sent to the west as one of a group that included his cousin Peter Jones, Jr. and William Byrd among others. At that time several rivers and creeks were named for different members of the expedition and it is interesting to note that one was named Jones Creek. Presumably it was at that time that Wynne's Falls and Wynne's Creek received their names. Wynne's Falls, near the Virginia and North Carolina boundary line run by William Byrd, was later changed in name to Danville. It is recorded in the county histories that the Falls and Creek were named in honor of William Wynne.

Although William returned to the eastern part of Brunswick after this expedition of 1733 it was not long after that he moved his family to the western section. The first mention of his name in the *History of Pittsylvania County* has this to say:

William Wynne is thought to be a descendant of Captain Robert Wynne who in his day was one of the most influential men in Virginia. He represented Charles City County in the House of Burgesses as Speaker for many years.

The statement then says that his son Joshua was a member of

the House of Burgesses and closes with a reference to Captain Robert Wynne's will and the large number of his descendants.

There are many records of property owned by William Wynne, some in one county and some in another. But, as different counties were being formed so frequently, the county location has little meaning for us today. At times a man's plantation was cut in two by the making of another county. A record of 1748 shows that "William Wynne, Gent" bought land on Pine Branch and five years later when he was 54 years old he and Clement Read purchased 36,000 acres in Lunenburg County. Three years later William bought 2,000 acres in what soon became Pittsylvania County. Obviously he was an exceedingly large landholder. He may have bought the land for speculation or possibly for future family use. In each of these counties mentioned William Wynne became one of the first Justices and first Vestrymen. Often it took some time to set up the machinery of government in a new settlement and the Vestrymen took over to keep law and order until such time as the government was set up and ready to do so. In England in olden times activities that were later governmental were at first administered by the church.

Regarding William's purchases of land and also his office as a Justice of the Peace in Brunswick County, an early record says:

In June 1738 William Wynne, one of the Justices of Brunswick County, entered for 200 acres on the south side of Dan River, and in 1746 William Wynne and others had orders of Council for 4,000 and 5,000 acres on Beaver Creek. William Wynne later moved with his family to this new country, and Wynne's Creek of Dan River and Wynne's Falls where the city of Danville stands were named in his honor.

Some years later Governor Dinwiddie appointed William

Wynne among others to organize Halifax County, listing the group as follows:

W^m Byrd, W^m Wynne, Peter Fountaine, James Terry, W^m Irby, Nathaniel Terry, Robert Wade, Hampton Wade, Andrew Wade, Hugh Moore, and Sherwood Walton, Gentlemen.

The organization of a county entailed appointing a surveyor, one of the most important officers, and the Justices, Vestrymen, and others. Men were appointed to lay roads from inaccessible areas to the place where the Courthouse would be built, and others were appointed to see that bridges were constructed and ferries were run.

The first meeting of the Justices of Halifax County, one of whom was William Wynne, took place at the home of Hampton Wade in 1752, and at that time Clement Read was made King's Attorney and Thomas Nash surveyor. At the same meeting it was suggested that Peter Jones, Jr. be made a Justice.

At the next session of court it was ordered that one dozen of "Webb's Virginia Justices" be purchased for the use of the Justices, which we assume to have been law books. There followed a discussion of roads so badly needed by the people of the back-country who suffered from isolation and lack of transportation. They were almost cut off from civilization and to each session of the court they sent prayerful petitions for roads to various points. The people in the back-country were settlers who, with or without wives, had migrated more or less alone and settled in colonies in the mountain coves, or along mountain streams, or on trails marked out by scouts.

Always preceding the opening of a new territory there were two waves of migrants. First came the scouts with only their rifles and knives as the pioneers in entering Indian country, fol-

lowed by hardier settlers often with their wives who were used to rough living. These two waves were succeeded by people of more substance who brought considerable property with them into the country that had already been somewhat organized and was more secure than that found by the scouts, wagon drivers, Indian fighters and hardy isolated pioneers. Finally, after villages and towns were built and substantial trade was being carried on in boats on the rivers to established markets the last waves of settlers came stretching out over the years bringing many more of the amenities of civilization. William Wynne belonged to the third wave of settlers.

At this second session of the court William's son Robert was suggested for a captaincy and William was referred to as "William Wynne, gent., Colonel of the Foot." These military titles suggest preparation for, or participation in the French and Indian wars.

Just as the court was held in the homes of the Justices so there too the Vestrymen met. But soon both a church and a courthouse were built to serve the needs of the community. These first crude wooden buildings were later replaced by those of brick of simple but beautiful design.

And so we find William and his wife Frances Wynne living in Halifax County on their plantation in the vicinity of the present town of Danville, many miles west of Prince George, surrounded by most of their sons and daughters. We know from the records of his transactions that Thomas, his eldest son from whom the Georgia Wynnes are descended, lived in Halifax County.

On neighboring plantations were many relatives and friends who had come from eastern Virginia.

The old custom of families joining for a move provided safety on the one hand and sociability on the other. There were some new friends too. Among them was another famous pioneer,

Captain William Bean, whose farm also was on the Dan River. About 1769 he left the security of his Virginia home and went into eastern Tennessee, and his son Russell Bean was the first white child born there. Many generations later a descendant of Captain Bean married one of the many descendants of Colonel William Wynne. When Dorothy Stevens married Charlton Ogburn (son of Irene Wynn) in 1909 the two families who were neighbors back in Virginia were united in Georgia.

Many old Virginia families have met again in Georgia after several generations. Descendants of Robert Mumfort, cited again and again in history as living near the Wynnes, turned up as neighbors of Irene Wynn in Butler, Georgia and one of them bore the same name, Robert Mumfort.

At that time of settling in western Virginia, when the people got farther away from Jamestown and England, they left behind many of their educational and cultural advantages. The farther west they went the fewer of these advantages remained with them. Because of this tendency to leave behind the finer products of civilization, it is interesting to know that the Wynne family and many of their friends took their culture with them. In Halifax County many of the Justices had their own libraries. From the inventories of estates we learn that some had as many as eighty-five to a hundred books, and it was from the inventory of the estate of William Wynne that we learned of his library.

At the time of the war of the American Revolution in 1776, William Wynne was about 76 years old and he died soon after leaving a will disposing of his property not already divided among his children as follows:

William Wynne's Will

In the Name of God Amen October the Eight day One
Thousand Seven Hundred Seventy Seven I William

Wynne of Pittsylvania County being very weak in Body but of perfect sound mind and memory, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament First I give up my Soul to God in hopes of a glorios Resurrection and my Body to the Earth to be Burried in a Christian like Manner at the discretion of my Executors hereafter mentioned and as to all my Worldly Estate which it hath pleased Almighty God to bless me with I give and dispose of as followeth Viz: First I give and bequeath to my Grandson William Wynne the son of my Daughter Mary Wynne the tract of Land in the said County on the Waters of Sandy Creek containing Two Hundred and Ninty five acres being the land whereon I now live, allowing my Wife Frances Wynne, the liberty of the said Land during her life. I also give unto my said Grandson One Negro Boy named Dick, one Feather Bed and furniture, also my Stock of Cattle, Hoggs and Sheep and all my Household & Kitchen furniture after my own and wife's life, and the residue of my Estate consisting of Several Negroes, to be equally divided amongst all my children, namely William Wynne, Thomas Wynne, John Wynne, Robert Wynne, Margaret Hendrick, Elizabeth Echols, Mary Wynne, & Martha Dixon. I so appoint my two sons William Wynne & Thomas Wynne Executors of this my Last Will and Testament reposing Especial Trust & Confidence in their honor honesty and Fidelity, to see that all things herein contained be truly and justly Executed in every respect whatsoever & as a Confirmation of the above. I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Seal the day and year first above written

William Wynne S.

Signed, Sealed Published and
Declared to be the Last Will & Testament
of the Testator in Presence of William Collie,

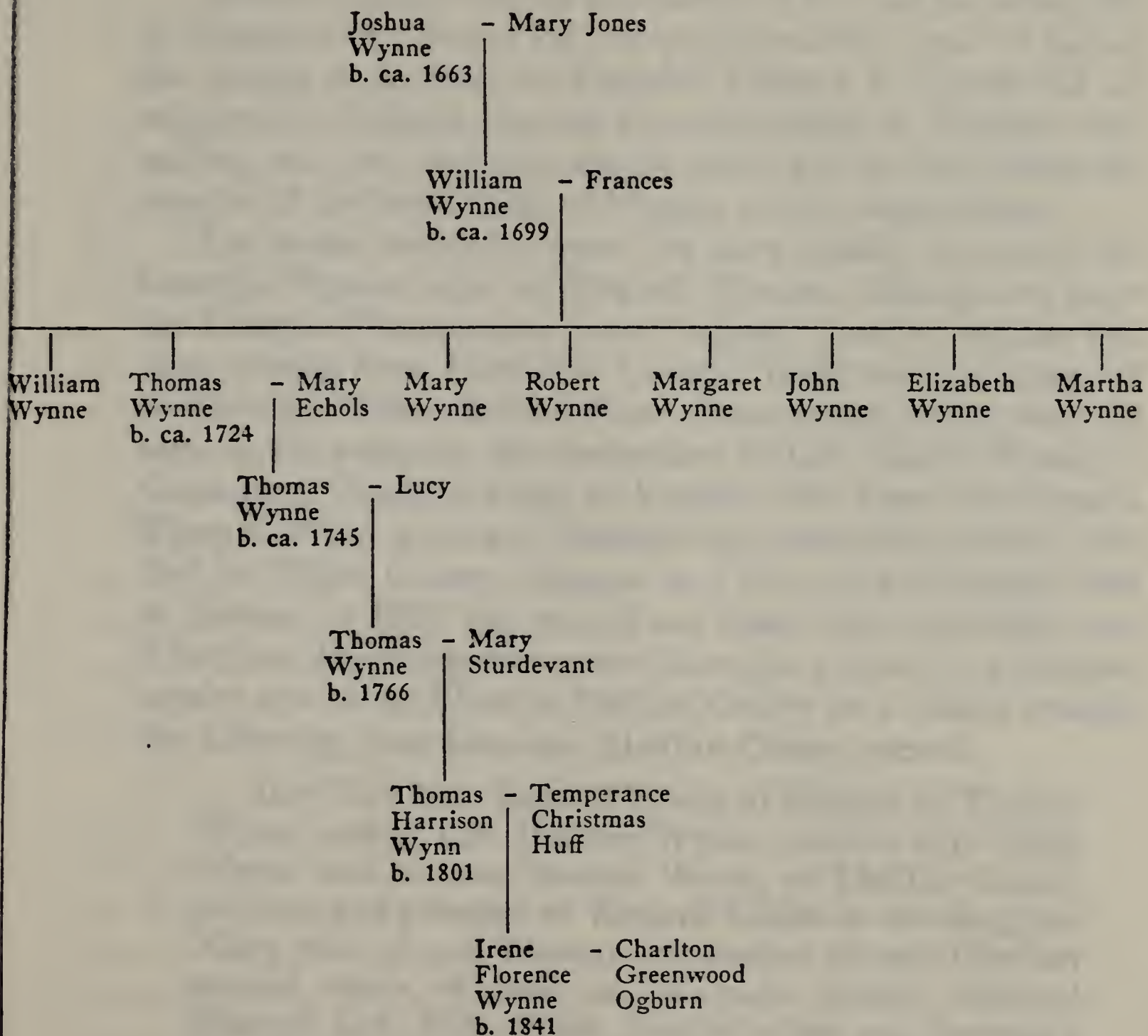
Charles Collie, Stephen Vetito, Phebec X (his mark)
Worsham, Mary X (her mark) Collie

At a Court held for Pittsylvania County the 26th Day of November 1778 The within Last will and testament of William Wynne Dec.'d. was exhibited into Court by William Wynne & Thomas Wynne the Exors. herein named and proved by the Oaths of two of the Witnesses thereto & Ordered to be recorded and on the motion of the said Executors who made oath according to Law. Certificate is granted them for obtaining a probate thereof in due form of Law giving Security. Whereupon they together with Robert Payne *there* Security entered into Bond and acknowledged the same according to Law.

Thomas Wynne, one of the executors of this will was the father of Thomas II and grandfather of Thomas III. This last Thomas was about twelve when his great-grandfather William died. William could have told him many interesting stories of his pioneer days in the West. He could have told little Thomas about his father Joshua's old home in Prince George County and of his having been killed by an Indian. He could have told his great-grandson Thomas about his grandfather Peter Jones founding the town of Petersburg and of the famous pioneer a generation still further back, Abraham Wood, one of three Major-Generals of his day in Virginia. Colonel William would have had a breathless listener for such exciting family history; for what little boy would not be eager to hear of experiences in the Indian territory in the wild West?

If William Wynne passed on by word of mouth memories of his life and the stories of his ancestors in eastern Virginia to his great-grandson Thomas III then Thomas III, who moved to Georgia and lived to be a very old man, could have told these same stories and memories to his granddaughter Irene Wynn

WILLIAM WYNNE'S DESCENDANTS



Ogburn whom he knew. Thomas III, who saw both the Revolutionary War and the War Between the States, could have been the link between the settling of Virginia and the age of the airplane which his granddaughter Irene came to know.

William was the last of the family to live out his whole life in Virginia and Thomas III, his great-grandson, was the last of the family to be born in Virginia. Thomas I, II and III all migrated to Georgia. At this time the people of Virginia were spilling over into various southern states, and for this reason the peoples of the South think of Virginia as the mother State.

For about twenty-five years we were unable to connect the Georgia Wynnes with the Virginia Wynnes, although we knew the Georgia Wynnes came from Virginia. Family tradition had them coming from Dinwiddie County. Then, too, the names of the Georgia Wynns, Robert, Peter, Thomas and Joshua were the same as the names of the descendants of Col. Robert Wynne of Canterbury, England living in Virginia. We knew there was a Thomas Wynn with son Obediah (an uncommon name) who died in Wilkes County, Georgia, in 1795 and who bought land in Georgia in 1785 but we did not know who his father was. Then one day twenty-five years later the answer to a random inquiry sent to the Clerk of Halifax County on a chance brought the following item from the Halifax County records.

July 18, 1763. Richard Echols of Halifax to Thomas Wynne, son of Col. William Wynne, and his wife Mary Wynne and his son Obediah Wynne of Halifax County for love and affection of Richard Echols to his daughter Mary wife of said Thomas and mother of said Obediah several tracts of land on Warpath branch, Richard Daniels' line, Mill, Creek, Bentley's line and Bertram's line, Richard Echols patented this land in 1760.

Thus the search of a quarter of a century was ended; the link

was found which enables us to connect the Georgia Wynns (who had dropped the e in the name) with the Virginia Wynnes and thence to the family in Kent, England, which goes back without a break to Edward the Confessor's Court in 1040 A.D. The letter that morning from the Clerk of Halifax County, Virginia was not routine mail.

We do not know much about the life in Virginia of Thomas I who married Mary Echols nor of his son Thomas II who married Lucy. Thomas I could have fought in the French and Indian Wars and Thomas II could have fought in the Revolutionary War. But the records from western Virginia are not very complete. In 1780 the records of Halifax County show that Thomas, and his wife Mary, sold their property in Virginia and after this date neither of them nor their son Obediah is mentioned in the records of Pittsylvania or Halifax Counties. Neither are they mentioned in the Virginia census taken in 1782 although Thomas II and III are listed. Thomas II was then living on his plantation in Pittsylvania County with his wife Lucy, eight children and a dozen slaves. At the time that the census was taken Thomas I and his wife Mary with their young son Obediah and their two daughters had apparently taken their departure for the newly opened lands in Georgia, for the records of 1785 show a Thomas Wynne had bought land in Georgia and was living there.

Contrary to the usual migration of the younger members of a family, Thomas I at fifty-five or sixty years of age had gone to Georgia ahead of his son and grandson. He and his wife, their son Obediah, and two daughters Lucy and Rhodea, made their home in Wilkes County a little northwest of Augusta on the Savannah River. Later Wilkes County was divided into several other counties. In the *History of Wilkes County* there is a long list of Wynnes which gives us the names of all the family who went to Georgia at that time and later.

No doubt Thomas I urged his son and grandson to join him in this superb cotton growing country which only recently had been vacated by the Indians and opened for the white man. But it was not an easy decision to make and it was ten years before they embarked. However by 1794 Thomas II and his wife Lucy, and Thomas III and his wife Mary Sturdevant Wynne with their children and slaves had left Virginia and were in Georgia.

Unfortunately Lucy's surname is unknown but Mary Sturdevant was of a large family of that name in Amelia and Sussex Counties in Virginia. At the time they left Virginia it is thought they had one child, who certainly was not Thomas IV for we know that he was born in Georgia.

There were many problems in making such a momentous move. There was land to be sold in Virginia and land to be bought in Georgia, and many problems of the actual journey to be settled. There were carriages and Jersey wagons to be provided for the women and children, horses for the men, wagons for the slave women and for any men who were old or disabled. Other wagons were provided for the furniture and the agricultural tools, while the male slaves, on foot, drove the cattle.

As the family made its way over the little-used roads during two months of travel it must have been like an African safari moving slowly through the forest, but this journey was made to change the old tobacco land on the Dan River for the new incredibly fertile cotton lands on the Oconee River which was a highly advantageous change. Word of the climate and fertile soil had lured many others to make the same journey. They must have thought of their new home as we think today of California, a land, which it has been said is so fertile that one throws the garbage out of the kitchen window and up comes a garden.

Thus ends the story of our Virginia Wynnes who so commendably served their country through six generations. Colonel

Robert in Charles City County, Major Joshua in Prince George and Colonel William in Brunswick, Pittsylvania and Halifax were the three who never left Virginia, while Thomas the first, second and third spent much of their lives there before leaving their home state for other lands.

By the time Thomas II and Thomas III reached Georgia Thomas I was getting to be an old man. He had come down when he was in his early sixties which is close to the age of college professors when they retire today. By the time his son and grandson joined him in Georgia he was nearly seventy years old. He died a short time after their arrival leaving this will.

Will of Thomas Wynn

I, Thomas Wynn, of the county of Wilkes & State of Georgia, being far advanced in life & considering that all men do once die do hereby make, ordain, constitute and appoint this and no other my last Will and Testament, that is to say;

Item; I desire that after I am (dead) my body may be buried in a Christianlike manner, and as touching my wordly goods, which it hath pleased Almighty God to bless me with, I dispose of in the following manner,—

First of all I direct that all my just debts be paid and satisfied.

Item; I give and bequeath unto my wife, Mary Wynn, that part of my land laying on the upper side of the large road, it being the part on which I now live; and in the case she, my said wife, should die before my two daughters, Rhodea and Lucy should marry, then they both or either of them, together with my son, Thomas, to have possession of said Land as they, my said daughters continue unmarried or should die and no longer, after which

time, I give the said Land altogether to my son, Thomas Wynn.

Item; I give unto my two daughters, Rhodea & Lucy, each one feather bed & furniture.

Item; I give unto my wife, Mary Wynn, all the stock of horses cattle and the rest of the household furniture I am now possessed of, also Six thousand and twenty nine pounds weight of Tobacco now in possession of Dickson & Bostick, Inspectors at Augusta, together with all the crop of corn and Tobacco I have growing this year. I also give and bequeath unto my aforesaid wife, Mary Wynn, Two negroes, the one named Dick and the other Jenny, with all their children during her life, afterwards to my son, Thomas.

Item; I give and bequeath unto my son, Obediah, the Land on which he now lives, it being on the lower side of the large road.

I desire that all the remainder of my negroes here tofore mentioned be equally divided amongst all my children, my son Thomas only excepted, according to the discretion of my Executors hereinafter mentioned.

Lastly of all I do hereby appoint my trusty and well beloved wife, Mary Wynn, my son Obediah and Sanders Walker, Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this Twenty-ninth day of August, One Thousand, Seven Hunrded and Eighty-nine.

Signed, sealed & acknowledged	} (Signed) Thos. Wynne.
in the presence of—	
Abraham Tyson,	
Wm. Best,	
Saml. Freeman & James Sanlock.	

From his will we see that his son Obediah was living near the family plantation and also that his son Thomas II shared in the disposition of the property.

After this death our story shifts to Thomas II and it is interesting to see that in naming his children he clung to the old Wynne names. While his first son was Thomas, the second was Joshua, and the third Robert; the same names that had been family names back in Canterbury, England. His daughter Frances, who married Arthur Redding of Dinwiddie County, Virginia, fell heir to the family Bible which in later years was a source of invaluable material for the Georgia Wynns.

The plantation of Thomas II and his wife Lucy was in Hancock County and there it was he died in 1807, twelve years after the death of his father. It was in Hancock that Littleberry Ogburn from North Carolina had his plantation where he lived before he moved to the western part of Georgia. It is probable the Wynnes and Ogburns who had had land dealings a hundred or so years earlier in Virginia were neighbors in Hancock, which perhaps led to the marriage of Charlton Ogburn and Irene Wynn in western Georgia some years later.

Irene's father was the fourth Thomas in direct line: Thomas Harrison Wynne, son of Thomas III and Mary Sturdevant Wynne. He was born in Hancock County in 1801, grew up in a family of eleven brothers and sisters on a large plantation in the midst of plenty. His second marriage was to Temperance Christmas Huff, whose family we already know.

Though he had lost his mother years before Thomas Harrison Wynne's father was still living. In fact, Thomas III lived many more years and became almost a hundred years old. Do you remember it was Thomas II who was 12 when his great-grandfather William died? Well, the census of Georgia for 1860 lists him and his second wife, Nancy Holland Wynne and their

slaves. By that time Thomas was an old man of ninety-four. He had made his will several years earlier and probably realized he was living on borrowed time. The old gentleman, who in his twenties had made the journey from Virginia, could sit in the Georgia sunshine and turn his thoughts back to his parents' happy home in Virginia.

Born in 1766, ten years before the American Revolution, he had lived through those unhappy days as a youth and he had seen the rise of the Cotton Kingdom in Georgia. Since he died in the 1860's his life had spanned the period from the Revolutionary War to the War Between the States. At ninety, one likes to sit in the sun and look back over life's journey and his life had indeed spanned a long period. Even though we may have had bitter disappointments as well as happy experiences we look back over it with composure when we are ninety, clinging to the sweet memories left to us.

We close this account with a brief look backward at the life of Thomas III, a symbol of the passing of the old order and the coming of the new. He lived almost a full century from the middle of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth; and saw much history during the long life with which he was blessed. We can picture him reflecting on what had happened. He saw the new nation born and lived to see it torn in two, from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln, two of our greatest presidents. He remembered the stories his great-grandfather William told him of Colonel Robert Wynne's crossing the Atlantic from Kent, England in a long hazardous voyage to an unknown land in a sailing vessel. And now they were crossing more comfortably, safely, and quickly in the new steamships. He had taken months to bring his family, his slaves and his possessions from Virginia to Georgia. Now travellers were making the trip in a day by railroad train. His visits to his children and grand-

children at Gobblers' Hill plantation must have been interesting events. Some of his children and his grandchildren had prospered and had settled in distant lands. At ninety his had been an interesting and memorable life. Fortunately he was not blessed with foresight and he could not have seen the coming of the hydrogen bomb.

VIII

The Ogburns Move from Butler

THE death of Charlton Greenwood Ogburn at his home in Butler, Georgia in 1890 left a mother, forty-nine years of age, alone, to bring up two small boys. Charlton, Jr. was eight and William Fielding was only four.

Their mother had never been very strong and the birth of her two sons so late in life had been a strain on her small store of vitality. After her husband's death she suffered from shock and was quite ill for some time. Her recovery was very slow. Indeed she really never became well again, but after several years she recovered enough of her strength to attend to light household duties.

Her sons remembered these unhappy days as mostly spent with the family of their Aunt Adelaide and Uncle Richard Hines, who cared for them with tenderest devotion. Every night one or the other of the little boys and at times, both, spent the night with the Hines family who lived a few doors down on the same street. There were several daughters in the family and these cousins bathed and dressed the children and cared for them as if they were their little brothers. Little "Willie" Ogburn grew up to love every member of the Hines family and still does today. It was lucky for the two bewildered little Ogburn boys that the Hines family had not then moved to Macon as they did at a later period.

Charlton Ogburn knew that the health of his wife Irene had never been good and at times she was more or less an invalid. He also knew that she had not been in a position to manage the

affairs of a household, which were much more numerous and complicated then than they are today. So he began putting away gold coins in a box which he kept in a locked trunk, which he told her were solely for her in case of his death. He said no one else knew about this gold and that she was not to tell anyone. This money on his death was to go to her alone, and not to anyone else. He thought the money would be of help while she was gaining experience in managing alone.

But Irene never saw this gold. Her recollection was that the executor somehow learned of this gold, and refused to handle the estate unless the gold were turned over to him. Perhaps legally he may have felt he had to do this. Irene was quite sick and at times confused, if not delirious. So she felt she had to consent to letting her executor have it.

This story of the gold coins is a symbol of how often the plans of the deceased go awry and of the relative helplessness of widows. But the law of trusts and estates has improved much since those days.

These three years following her husband's death were lonely and forlorn for the two little boys and for Irene herself. She seemed to lose interest in everything. She was urged by her sister Mary and her husband Fielding Rucker to come to live in Gainesville, Georgia, where they had moved, to be with their daughter Lucy, who had married Azor Van Hoose, then president of the Georgia Female Seminary (later Brenau College). Gainesville was near the mountains and was considered something of a health resort. It was hoped the climate and the treatment by Dr. Bailey, a famous physician there, would be of benefit to Irene. Her two little sons had already learned that their mother was an invalid and must be given especial care. They felt keenly the responsibility that had fallen upon them and rose to their task with an ability and responsibility hardly to be expected of boys so young.

Meeting this responsibility was a factor in the boys' future development. They were never again carefree boys but rather they increasingly labored to protect their mother. They purchased the groceries, bought the wood, and cut it to fit the fireplace. They helped with the chores, they helped choose the place to live, and aided in planning the budget. They were good boys and in that day being "good" meant the same thing as to be successful. It was thought the latter always followed the former. Irene urged the boys to be "good" but throughout her life she never mentioned to them the word "successful."

Charlton Ogburn's estate was not actually settled for fourteen years. That is, until Charlton, Jr. had become twenty-one. And the family never received more than a small part of what Charlton's former friends and associates thought they would receive.

A young friend, whom Charlton Ogburn had befriended, had trained in business, and had named as the executor of his estate, prospered. There was suspicion in the family, who were mostly women, and unexperienced in business, that this young friend either got the estate in debt or that he allowed too small a proportion of the yield of the estate to reach the beneficiaries. Irene's brothers, who could have given her financial advice at this time, had moved to Arkansas and were not in a position to help her.

These years were hard for Irene. All of her life she had been surrounded by comfort and luxury and reared in an atmosphere of love and admiration. Her status as the most favored, both in her family and her special group, was unquestioned. Now, as an invalid without financial backing, in an unfamiliar place among strangers, she faced problems for which she had no preparation. Irene was a figure of tragedy. She must not see the two little boys, for whom her husband had made so many plans, grow up under unanticipated hardships. They were good boys, but

how could she ever give them the education their father said they must have? Irene asked herself at night as she lay sleepless.

The move to Gainesville was made in 1893. All of Irene's family had left Butler. The Hines had moved to Macon and the Ruckers to Gainesville. The mother with her two sons were warmly welcomed into her sister's household in Gainesville. The Ruckers' two daughters, Lucy, then Mrs. A. W. Van Hoose, and Irene, then Mrs. Tisinger, and her son Louis who was about the age of the Ogburn boys, lived nearby.

Jim Tisinger, Louis' father, had got into some sort of difficulty involving the law, probably gambling. Anyway, it was thought best for him to leave town secretly and quickly. Strange as it may seem, he was helped in his flight from home by his father-in-law, Fielding Rucker, who, Irene had always said, was the best man she knew, widely known as a true and devout Christian. But in those days the South's family loyalty preceded loyalty to law and to the state. A man of honor looked to his family first and the law of the land second.

Although Irene and the boys were at first given a feeling of home by the Ruckers, Van Hooses and Tisingers, the living arrangements did not work out and they soon made others. One difficulty was that the rest of the family had so much more than the Ogburns. Little Louis Tisinger slept in silk pajamas, and displayed his boyish possessions. This wide difference in status among the children offended Irene who was very jealous for her sons, even though the Ogburn boys took little notice of it.

The bleakness of this picture of her life was alleviated somewhat by Irene's propensity for making friends. People liked her, and all her life she had been popular, more so than her two sisters. So in Gainesville she soon made friends. In this, the Baptist church was a great help. When a family moved, a letter transferring membership from the church in their former town

to the new one was given. A church member need not be lonely. Other church members welcomed the new member and made her feel at home. She was greeted warmly each Sunday morning; the pastor called, and she was made a participant in various church activities. The church thus rendered a valuable social service, hardly equalled by any secular club in the cities of today. Irene subscribed all of her life to the *Christian Index*, the official weekly publication of the Baptists. The boys of course attended Sunday School. They were seldom absent. One year they never failed a single Sunday to be present; and they also read the Bible in one year without skipping a page or a verse.

Irene's thoughts, though, dwelt on the darkness of a future for her sons with so small an income. She must educate the boys, but how she did not know. For a while the boys attended the primary department of the college at Gainesville as did little Louis Tisinger, but Irene felt, perhaps wrongly, there was a bit of discrimination there too and she soon changed them to the public school, with some misgivings, for public schools were new then and were not thought to be as good as the private academies.

When she took a house with Mrs. Merrit and her little son James and daughter Mary, Irene was much happier. There was no discrimination, and the children became devoted friends. In fact, their friendship has lasted even to today.

After this comfortable living arrangement was made, Irene and the boys made friends rapidly which tended to give them a brighter outlook. The brightness increased as Charlton and Will both showed unmistakable signs of being good students. From their natural ability and their industry their mother developed assurance, and, as warm friendships grew, a sense of security also grew. Irene fretted a bit when "Willie" showed a tendency to gang up with some boys who did not seem to be the good boys

she wanted for his playmates but that phase passed and he found more suitable friends.

A donkey owned by Charlie Estes and Bob Logan was an invitation to their homes up the street and riding the donkey and jumping on it and over it occupied the time between climbing the trees and hanging by their knees from the branches. The boys would walk four miles to the river for a swim and four miles back. One day they walked seven miles to White Sulphur Springs to pick huckleberries and seven miles back with the huckleberries in a container fashioned from the bark of a tree. Being famished with hunger, the berries with sugar and cream made the best dessert they had ever tasted.

Although Will was never a robust child he was not sick either. He had colds and coughs which might have been serious but fortunately never were. He was growing very fast and possibly was not getting a well-rounded diet. Full, well-rounded diets for children were not thought much about in those days and after the rent was paid there was not much money left for food.

But the boys survived and they streaked ahead in their school work. Each boy topped his class in high school and graduated with first honor. Charlton, four years older, was ready for college when Will was just beginning high school and he had to prove he was as good as his brother. Charlton's school record was to his mother an omen of better things to come, which alleviated much of her worry and distress.

A good Baptist college in Macon, where the Hines family then lived, was unhesitatingly chosen for Charlton and at sixteen he entered Mercer University, and lived with his aunt and cousins, who had moved to Macon when they inherited property there. A son in college added to the expenses of the family and their small income had to be stretched to make ends meet. As always with a growing family, expenses increased yearly and the Ogburns

tightened their belts as there was not a corresponding increase in income from the estate. Irene would have starved however before she would have deprived her sons of their education, and she often made, unknown at the time to her sons, the necessary sacrifices.

In high school, Will was finding the work so easy he thought he should get a job to add something to the family income and he talked with the principal about it. The checkup showed that Will's marks were excellent and it was agreed he could take the job of delivering telegrams which had been offered him. He could keep up with his lessons in between delivering messages. Telegrams came at night as well as day, and irrespective of weather. It was a wet and chilling experience during those winter months for a protected boy, and even today he shudders when he thinks of his wet feet and clothes on rainy nights. He remembers, too, his embarrassment when first offered a tip. Servants were tipped, but gentlemen never, according to the mores of the South. Even little gentlemen would refuse and resent such a gesture. Will always refused tips, which were offered only by visitors at the hotel, generally from the North, and left hurriedly.

In his job what he needed most was a watch which he bought first and a bicycle second. He was then set up for business. Between deliveries he learned to play checkers and was soon able to beat a dentist, Dr. Merritt, the best player in town. His ambition was to be a telegraph operator and he decided to learn to send and receive the telegrams. But the operator guarded his telegraph keys too closely for Will to practice.

By this time Will had made many friends and as far as his leisure time would permit he zestfully participated in all the social life around him. Will rapidly grew taller and at the same time he grew to be quite handsome. Of the several girls who had entered his life by this time, Laura Thompson was the one who

made a lasting impression, but that youthful emotion blew over and he was ready to be swept off his feet by a beautiful young girl who came from Miami to make a visit. This young love was so serious that he felt he must give the young lady a present. At that moment although he was broke, he got an umbrella for her and charged it to his mother, to her startled surprise. She had never had a charge account in Gainesville and the last thing she would have thought of was to open one. Adolescence is a period of irrationality and irresponsibility. Irene took the charging of the umbrella as a great joke and gently laughed it off while Will saved up and paid the bill.

When, at sixteen, Will left for college he had not nearly finished growing. He left with a new topcoat that fitted him perfectly and when he returned at Christmas the cuffs were half way—well, nearly half way—to his elbows. The growth-controlling lobe of his pituitary gland was not functioning too well.

Charlton was graduated from Mercer in June of the year 1902, and in September his brother Will entered. Charlton was then off the family budget. He taught for two years and then went to Mercer, and later to Harvard, for training in law, which started him on his career. Today he is a distinguished international lawyer.

At Mercer, Will had the son of their Gainesville minister, the Rev. Dr. Wynne, for his roommate, so his mother felt quite content that all would go well. But Will did not do so well. His roommate, a sophomore, was older than he was and unknown to Will's mother or even his own family, Paul Wynne drank whiskey and gambled in those good days in the Bible belt. He was not the "good" boy Will's mother thought she was choosing.

One day when Paul's father, the pastor of the First Baptist Church at Gainesville, came on a surprise visit to Macon to see his son, Will, sitting on the balcony of their large room over-

looking the street, saw Paul and his father coming up the street and leaned over to greet the visitor. Paul was worried about the bottle of whiskey he knew was on the mantelpiece and shouted up, "Will, father is here!" Will knew about the bottle, too, but to tease Paul he just stood there smiling down. Even when Will was looking right in "father's" face Paul in his desperate nervousness kept shouting, "Will, father is here." So, Paul came rushing ahead of his father up the steps and burst in the door to remove the bottle of whiskey. It was only when he saw the bottle had been removed that he stopped yelling, "Father is here."

That first year Will surprised everyone by his poor work. He remembers flunking Latin and getting poor marks in English. The truth is, the boy were spending too much time on extra-curricular activities. His friends drank a bit, gambled, and went out with the girls too much. The Will Ogburn of that freshman year was a different boy from the one of high school years and he gave not the slightest inkling of the boy that was to finish college in three years instead of four and carve out for himself a brilliant future. He was called up for an interview by the president and fortunately, he was given another chance. His roommate did not last out the year.

That was the year Will was growing out of his clothes faster than they could be provided; but no one saw any correlation between abnormal growth and poor school work. Actually, he was at that time a young animal away from home and Main Street for the first time. For one year the earnest young student became an irresponsible adolescent. It was as if he enjoyed an unfamiliar luxury. He well remembers that he was always hungry—then and all his college days. Every morning at about ten, he bought a box of crackers for five cents and ate the whole box.

Will's fraternity, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon, was a Godsend that freshman year. He fell in with two or three boys who had

already sown their wild oats and were not frightened by a young fellow's delinquencies. Roosevelt Walker and Arthur Codington, more or less intellectuals, were discussing art and religion which gave young Ogburn something to think about. He had heard a little music at Brenau College in Gainesville, but had seen little of painting; and he had been so deluged with religion he did not know it could be "objectively" discussed. Long walks while discussing these broader interests intrigued young Ogburn and led to life-long friendships. Roosevelt Walker became a professor of English literature and Arthur Codington a lawyer, and Will has cherished their friendship through the years.

As Will's physical growth began to slacken, his mental growth surged. The other half of his pituitary showed signs of functioning. He went through the four years of college in three years. But he did not get much interest in his classes. They were dull, except in mathematics and English. Perhaps the fault was his rather than the professors. He passed the examinations on the basis of discipline or through a sense of duty. He was certainly finding life outside the classroom more interesting than inside. It was outside the classroom, in discussions with fraternity mates and others that he became interested in biography, in art, in the relation of science and religion, in philosophy. The environment and associations at Mercer meant much to him, even if the classroom did not. It was a small college and contacts with the teachers was easy for those who sought it. It should be said that he took all the math courses offered and this training was of great value to him later as a statistician.

This recollection of the dull courses he had to take affected his work when he, to the astonishment of his college mates, became a teacher. He always tried to present to his classes every few days some ideas or knowledge that would be so interesting or so important which they would remember even after they left

college. Several times students have come to him and said they got more out of his courses in later years than they did when taking them—a doubtful compliment. Also he has in the universities where he has taught preferred curricula that offered many elective courses, rather than only required ones.

These broad interests not only gave him immediate pleasure but gave him a variety of hobbies in later life. He looks back on that phase of his college life with gratitude.

The fraternity tennis court was not neglected all this time. It was the biology classroom window that looked out over the tennis court and while Will was supposed to be drawing paramecium and other unicellular animals he was longingly gazing out at the tennis court. Tennis could be played on Saturdays, for there were no classes that day, and very early Will would be found on the court practicing until someone to play with would appear. There he stayed all day until dark, playing anyone who wanted to play. He pursued tennis with persistence and was not satisfied until he had learned it well. Will was not a great athlete by any means but he enjoyed the workout and developing skills. In a short time he was on the tennis team. He was the youngest in his class and in athletics he had strong competition. Incidentally, he added to his repertoire in hobbies for future years. Even today at seventy-two, he plays singles in tennis and hopes to continue to do so for many years.

Fifteen years later when Will was a professor at Columbia University another Mercer man and classmate, Ben Kendrick was teaching history there. At the same time, their former teacher at Mercer, "Billy Kil," or William Heard Kilpatrick, was a professor of education at Columbia, too. This distinguished trio gave proof that, though small, Mercer was able "to hold her own," or more exactly, Mercer was not able to hold her own. One of Will's classmates, John Guerry, hearing that Kilpatrick,

Kendrick, and Ogburn were teaching at Columbia made this comment: "I always thought Columbia was our greatest University but when I heard that Kilpatrick was teaching there I became doubtful. When I heard that Ben Kendrick was an instructor there I became downright suspicious, and now that Bill Ogburn is on the Columbia faculty I know the school is no damn good."

Will felt that his brother was a better student than he, and it took many years to eradicate that feeling of inferiority. Charlton was four years older, had higher grades and a better reputation as a student at Mercer. In addition he had a much better memory and greater literary ability. When Will was a senior, Charlton came back to Mercer to the Law School after teaching two years. Not wanting to stay in Gainesville alone, their mother came, too. Irene enjoyed seeing her sister, Adelaide (Mrs. Hines) again but they took rooms with a Mrs. Snowden from South Carolina, a delightful Chlestonian with two attractive daughters. The three Ogburns were the only boarders and consequently had the house much to themselves.

When Will was graduated from Mercer at eighteen, he immediately applied for a teaching position as Charlton had done. He found himself accepting an offer from the Morton School for Boys at Savannah. The same year Charlton entered the law firm headed by Peter Meldrim, a distinguished Savannah lawyer and later president of the American Bar Association. This lucky break enabled the family to stay together. They were also lucky in having their meals with Mrs. Wayne, attractive widow, who catered to a very select group. A judge, formerly of South Carolina, and several bachelor lawyers and business men are remembered as having their meals there that year. While Mrs. Wayne provided them with delicious food unobtainable anywhere else except at private dinners, she also set a high standard in table

conversation. She presided at meals the way a talented hostess does at a salon, turning the conversation from one to another, sometimes gently chiding, and at other times adding to the gaiety with her wit and humor. Will was the youngest at the table, and they thought him very young indeed to be a "professor" as the teachers in boys' schools were called.

It was customary in the South for a widow left with a large house to take boarders, whom she chose with as much care as she chose her personal friends. There was no class line drawn against keeping boarders provided they were of the right class. Restaurants and hotels were few, then. In Charleston, when the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, King of England, visited there a large dinner was arranged to which only the select were invited and the list included a lady who kept boarders, a Mrs. Smith. She declined to attend, however, saying her family was descended from the Stuarts and she preferred not to dine with a Hanoverian!

Savannah was twice the size of Macon—which was six or seven times the size of Gainesville. But Savannah was different in other aspects. The people there did not look to Atlanta for entertainment or for anything else as did other Georgia towns, but rather they travelled back and forth to New York and to Europe. They seemed to know surprisingly little about other Georgia towns and to think it quite unnecessary that they should know. They were similar to New Yorkers who think that Buffalo is a far western city.

The cultural atmosphere of Savannah, founded early by General Oglethorpe, was also evidence of its age. There was an art gallery, a poetry society, a theatre, to which operas occasionally came; and many of the citizens were familiar with the cultural advantages of Paris and London. The city had been laid out by plan, and was beautiful with its large parks and picturesque

walks. The terrain was different from that of the communities of the Piedmont regions. A port, where the ships came in from all over the world and the piers pointed out to the sea which touched the shores of Cathay and strange lands was stimulating to the imagination of a young man with his future before him.

Socially, Savannah was divided sharply. The top layers, it was said, were made up of those concerned with cotton, such as shippers, commission agents, and buyers and also of the various professions such as physicians, lawyers, and educators. In any case these groups looked with disfavor on merchants, much as merchants were looked down upon in England hundreds of years before. The military tradition was strong among these upper classes. There were four military societies, each with club rooms. The Ogburn boys became members of the Savannah Volunteer Guards. Those military organizations played a conspicuous role in the social life of the city, with their balls and dances. The debutantes had their favorites among these clubs. Much honor was given to military heroes of the past and the city had many statutes to them. A well-mannered young man, son of a merchant in Philadelphia, roomed in the same house with the Ogburns. Though a very nice man, he was never accepted socially in Savannah. "Society" in Savannah was at that time a somewhat closed organization to newcomers, irrespective of their wealth, unless they had a special introduction. The Ogburn boys had such an introduction. The Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity was very strong socially in Savannah, and Charlton was connected with the well-known Meldrim family. Both the Ogburns were in the professions.

The concerts and the art gallery attracted Will, as well as the walks along the marshes, during his leisure hours. The marshes were beautifully described in Sidney Lanier's poem, "The Marshes of Glenn." He enjoyed then the fruits of his discussions

of art and music with his college friends. Another young teacher at the Morton School, John Gillam of Petersburg, Virginia, often accompanied him to the art gallery and also on his walking trips, some of which lasted all day Saturday or Sunday. He remembers with the greatest pleasure walks on the white shell roads along the sea.

There was a concert every Sunday evening at the DeSoto Hotel and Will seldom missed one. He had had little opportunity before coming to Savannah to hear orchestral music, it is doubtful if any other member of the audience derived as much enjoyment of those concerts as Will did.

At that time one of the most popular forms of entertainment for young people in the South was the house party. Several boys and girls were invited to come for a stay of one or two weeks and the fun to be had depended a good deal upon the ingenuity of the group. One or more played some string instrument and others joined in singing. At Savannah, house parties were sometimes given in seasonable weather in cottages by the sea where bathing made a part of each day. Will remembers a large one where the boys stayed in tents and the cottages housed the girls. They walked on the beach and swam intermittently and at night clustered on the beach in the moonlight for singing.

One of the girls on this house party whom Will warmly remembers was Cornelia MacClean who had an electric car in which she often took him driving over the lovely shell roads. Perhaps he remembers it so well because there were very few automobiles in Savannah in 1906. Her house on Sunday evenings was a very pleasant place to meet all the young people who dropped in. Another home where the younger set visited freely and frequently was that of the Hunters. Tracy and Anna Hunter, the children, were quite popular, especially Anna—a very kind and sympathetic young woman.

Many of these young people were talking about their past or future trips to Europe and it was natural that Will would have dreams of going to Europe himself, even though a "grand tour" of one year or more, formerly popular, was out of the question for him. As the year passed, more and more he thought of the possibility of going to Europe and he began to save up for it. It would not be wise to spend any of the estate money for such a pleasure.

As the summer approached, Will's dream of seeing Europe began to take practical shape. His interest was greatly stimulated by a companion, young Barney, who had spent some time in Paris and talked much of his experiences there. Will had heard how workers were needed in boats taking live cattle to Europe to be slaughtered there; and that college boys sometimes got such jobs. They returned in boats without cattle and hence had no work to do. The incentive was that they could spend some time in Europe, several months if they had the funds. So he applied for a job with the Johnston Line of Baltimore on a ship leaving about the first of June.

Thus began one of the most memorable summers of his life. He had been offered a teaching position in Rome, Georgia. The prospects of the trip to Europe helped to reconcile him to leaving Savannah, a city so friendly, so hospitable, so gay, that opened for him visions of a larger world than he had thought of in Gainesville or Macon, a world of which he was to see much in later years. Bidding Savannah good-bye meant closing the door on a very happy year indeed.

IX

Toward a New Ogburn Family

INTELLECTUAL curiosity was an outstanding trait of Will Ogburn's character. He wanted to see for himself everything of interest he had heard about, and he realized he would have to travel to do so. The prospect of seeing Europe was the fulfillment of the growing desire which later on led him to journeys around the world. Intellectual curiosity seems to be a constitutional characteristic that does not diminish, but often grows as the possessor becomes older. Throughout a long and interesting life Will Ogburn's curiosity has steadily grown until now it is practically insatiable. And at nearly 72 he fears he may not live long enough to accumulate all the knowledge he wants.

Early in June 1906, Will set out on his first trip to Europe. He was almost twenty years old; his birthday would be spent in Paris this time. When he bought his ticket to Baltimore his mother kissed him good-by with tears in her eyes, for Europe was far away and the Atlantic Ocean was wide and deep. While she spent the summer with a friend in Gainesville, his brother Charlton made plans to leave Savannah, since his friend and partner Ralph Meldrim had died. He wanted to go to the Harvard Law School and then to practice law in Atlanta.

Will knew no one in Baltimore; his coming was unheralded. So alone he wandered down to the docks to look over his cattleboat and try to pick up some information about the work. He took a cheap room over a water front saloon for the night and

proceeded downstairs where he found an assorted collection of sailors, cattle boat men and bums. To join talk was easy enough and a little later he "set up" the crowd with whiskey at ten cents for a big glass. They tossed the whiskey down at one gulp, apparently without tasting it; the taste of that whiskey was nothing to crave. But the treat did not bring much information on the cattle boat work that our young traveler hoped for. They said the job was easy. All you had to do was to give the cattle water and feed. They did not say you did this for four hours before breakfast.

Next morning on board he found two college boys to keep him company; but they knew no more about what was expected of them than Will did. Innocently he had checked his money with the captain where he could not get it until they landed. A little money to dispense judiciously here and there would have made his work much easier. The work was mainly feeding the cattle but the worst of it was that there was a lot of cattle and they had to be fed from 4 to 8 A. M. before the men were fed.

The accommodations on board were confined to the animal stalls and the deck; the workers chose the deck for eating and sleeping. Only two kinds of food were served. One, entirely unfamiliar to the boys and being indescribable was called "scouse" and the other which was also unidentifiable was known as "bow-wow soup." Baked beans were a great treat twice a week but there never seemed to be enough to go around. One day Will and one of the other boys held up the bean-boy and stole half which precipitated the cry "who robbed the bean pan"; but the mystery went unsolved. Will was quite unfamiliar with the cattle boat menu; Mrs. Wayne in Savannah had never served "scouse" nor "bow-wow soup," and before the journey's end Will had lost a few pounds in weight.

Though the sleeping accommodations were poor and the food

was worse, there were pleasant intervals between cattle feedings when the crowd sat about on deck. Some pretty wild stories were told and Will never knew whether they were true or not. He enjoyed learning about the ways of life of a class of humanity he had never known before. He gave one man his suspenders to tell his life story; but the regulars were such tough customers they would not have hesitated to tell any kind of a story for a pair of needed suspenders.

After two weeks of this sort of thing when they docked at Liverpool, and before Will could retrieve his luggage from the captain, he was struck for a loan by one of the college boys. Will had only \$175 on which to see Europe but apparently that poor boy had left home without any money at all, expecting, he said, to get a check on arrival. Will gave him \$15 on a promise he would be paid immediately when the boy received his mail. But he never received any mail; at any rate, Will never got his \$15.

But the \$15 was forgotten when Will walking along one of Liverpool's busy streets spied a bakery displaying in the window all manner of delectable pastries. No sweets of any kind had been on the cattle boat menu. Ravenous for sweets he sat there, filled his plate again and again until he had consumed a goodly portion of those chocolate eclairs, French pastries and cookies on display. Mother's pastries never tasted so good.

The beauty of the English countryside was even more than Will had imagined. The histories he had been reading said little about the meadows studded with poppies, the neatly clipped hedges and lawns, the blossoming trees and gorgeous flowers. They had, however, prepared him for the incomparable cathedrals and the charming old villages. The first town he saw was Chester, and very different it was in that day from what it is now, fifty years later. It is much larger now and overflowing with tourists. Nineteen hundred years had passed since the Romans

built it and Will was impressed with Roman efficiency as well as with history as he stood on the old city wall marvelling at its durability. It hardly seemed possible that here he stood on a wall built so long ago by the Romans who conquered and occupied not only the English island but pretty much all of the European continent, and who were for nearly 1,000 years citizens of the greatest country in the world.

Stratford-on-Avon was the next stop and it, too, was a simple little village then—quite different from the large propaganda center of today. All tourists genuflected figuratively before Shakespeare's shrine. No one questioned that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon had written the incomparable plays and no one suspected that name was a nom de plume. At that time the town was a beautiful old English village lying peaceful and quiet along the banks of the placid Avon River.

Kenilworth and Warwick Castles had to be seen because of Sir Walter Scott, the favorite author of most southern boys of that time. Scott's novel *Kenilworth* was the allure that took him to see that mammoth ruin. There was enough of it left standing to people it in imagination with the author's dashing heroes. But he found Warwick not only a beautiful old castle of that period but in such fine condition it was still lived in by the descendants of the original owners. The cluster of quaint cottages nearby where had lived the lesser folk had by this time become much sought homes for artists and scholars.

All these stops were brief and in keeping with the contents of Will's purse. Both money and time were short and there was so much to see.

Oxford was the next stop. It was spring and Oxford was in full flower, just as we saw it many years later in 1954 when we spent three months there. Will still was in a daze over the won-

derful sights; in fact he thinks he was in a daze throughout his whole trip.

As he stepped out of his hotel onto High Street, known there as "The High," with the towers of its several colleges rising above the quaint shops, Will thought it was the most beautiful city street he had ever seen, particularly the view from the bridge near Magdalen College. He sat on a stone seat to contemplate these colleges hoary with age and famous for their learned scholars and distinguished graduates. In his wildest imagination it could not occur to him, the nineteen-year-old school teacher from Georgia, that one day he would himself be a professor in Oxford University where there had been such famous names as Wyckham, Jowett and Murray. Will, then, was only two years away from a rather poor record as a student in a small Baptist college in Georgia.

Addison's walk by the river Cherwell was a pleasant place for meditation, too; and so were many of the college gardens especially those at Magdalen, Christ Church, and St. John's. Will liked especially the Burne-Jones windows in the Cathedral of Christ Church College. His reading on architecture enabled him to place easily the period of each college while his knowledge of history filled in the rest.

The traveller's next stop was London. He had planned to see first the "Spurgeon Tabernacle." You never heard of it? Well, neither had anyone he met in London. But if you had been a reader of the Baptist Christian Index as Will's mother was, you would have heard of it. Her last plea to him at the station in Savannah had been to go straight to see the Tabernacle of the famous Dr. Spurgeon. But Will could not find it. Everyone cheerfully directed him to Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's Cathedral; but when he asked for Spurgeon's Tabernacle they looked blank and shrugged. Finally after employing the

same persistence he had used on the tennis court he arrived on the outskirts of London at the door of a barnlike structure similar to buildings later used by Billy Sunday in the United States. After that deflation, he was free to see the National Art Gallery and the British museum.

Sight-seeing was interrupted by the prospective departure of the cattle boat, upon which Will found, to his surprise that he was expected to return in ten days. Formerly boys had stayed in Europe all summer and returned in the fall on one of the cattle boats sans cattle. He had thought he could do the same. He came over to see Paris and England and he was determined to do so. The problem was how to stay in Europe all summer and get back to the United States without paying for his own passage. Finally he hit upon this plan. He took some medicine that made him sick and look very pale. He then sought out a doctor and told him he was in bad shape and did not think he could stand the work and food on the cattle boat at that time. The cooperative doctor looked him over and agreed he was not fit for travel on such a boat and advised a rest of several weeks. Will asked him to put his opinion in writing on his office stationery to which he agreed. Will cheerfully paid the fee and all summer cherished with solicitous care this bit of paper which he hoped meant free return passage to Baltimore.

Saying farewell to the departing cattle boat—and having attended to Spurgeon's Tabernacle—Will was free to delve into London's treasures and he made for the National Gallery. He had seen prints of many of the old paintings: in fact, had a good collection of them, but only in black and white, for color printing did not exist at that time. Here in the National Gallery were many of the originals in splendid colors. So much beauty was a rare treat, and how different they appeared in color! He saw all the usual things in London, but he returned again and again to

the Art Gallery until he was fairly familiar with everything there.

It was the same in Paris. At last he could look as long as he liked at Titian's beautiful red-haired women, with or without blue scarves, at DeVinci's pensive and enigmatic Mona Lisa, and at Corot's light feathery trees in the early morning light. Will went to the Louvre every day that it was open for thirty successive visits; and each visit was for at least a half, if not a whole day. Being in the Louvre was like living in a world of fantasy. On his return he brought back a book on the Louvre containing several hundred reproductions of its paintings. He asked his brother to open the book anywhere, place his hand over the name of the painter and Will would tell him who painted any picture, which he did without an error.

At the Gare de Lyon at Paris, Will had taken a cab to the Hotel Jacob, in the Latin Quarter on the left bank, recommended by a Savannah friend. But as he drove down the narrow little street he began to doubt his friend's judgment. When he was stopped before a small plain door without even a visible sign, opening on the street, he thought the driver had certainly made a mistake. All hotels in America have quite a façade, but old hotels in Paris did not at that time. However, the inside was different. There was a charming court filled with flowers and a blooming shrub, the delicately fragrant privet. It was June in Paris. His own room had a balcony which looked out on the lovely sunny court, and there he saw for himself the Paris in Spring his friends had told him about.

Not many tourists were visiting Paris then and hotel accommodations were not to be compared with those of today. Plumbing was not up to standard. It was seldom one could get a room with a bath. Upon such a request one American visitor was ushered into a large room where a full size bath tub stood just beside the bed!

Next morning the village lad from Georgia awoke in a room with sunshine flooding in through French doors and as he lay contemplating his excellent good luck a knock announced the garçon bearing chocolate, as made only by the French, with croissants et du beurre, the continental breakfast. Breakfast in bed was an unheard of luxury for Will Ogburn. Also putting his shoes outside his door to be shined by a servant without charge was service de luxe, unknown in Macon, Georgia. This was Paris! As Will lay in bed basking in the sun from the open doors sipping the delicious chocolate, the only words the boy who nearly flunked his course in English composition could think of were "What a life!"

Ogburn was a young man who got around. Through friends of friends he met artists, musicians and writers. If he had known that some day he himself would write books and articles he could have picked up a few pointers; but at that time his interests lay in the arts. One artist suggested he stay in Paris and pose professionally. Will never posed for him but he considered the suggestion briefly as a means of staying in Paris during the remainder of the year and perhaps studying painting.

One day as Will stood in front of a restaurant scanning the menu posted on the window he was hailed by a fellow American. Each wore an American straw hat and the fashionable college boy suit; and there was no mistaking their mutual native country. Lunch together and then a walk gave opportunity for summing each other up which led to discussions of art and trips to the galleries together. It turned out that the young man, a teacher at the New York Military Academy, had under his tutelage three boys from that school who paid his hotel bills and travel expenses for the privilege of accompanying him to the museums and galleries where he pointed out the best to them and endeavored to stimulate their interest in "culture." This friendship became a

bonanza for young Ogburn. Shortly afterward the tutor from the Military Academy received a cablegram calling him home on an emergency—a death in the family. He needed someone to take over the care of the boys, who were, by the way, about Ogburn's age.

From almost daily association he saw that Ogburn knew much about art and French customs; more in fact than he did. Ogburn fell into the job as if it were a feather bed. He moved from the Hotel Jacob to the Hotel Foyot, where he slept and ate with all expenses paid. The Hotel Foyot's restaurant was famous among the gourmets. It was the dining place of French senators whose legislative assembly hall was nearby. The job was fun, not work.

The New York boys knew some girls at a school in Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, who were from a school in Washington, D. C. The girls, too, were acquiring culture so the couples found delightful congeniality. They were together on many happy trips and parties in and around Paris throughout the summer. One of these girls has remained a friend of Ogburn all these years. Not long ago he visited her at her home in Westchester, New York.

But Will had by no means restricted himself to the cultural life of Paris. While he had spent a good deal of time at one sidewalk café or another, he saw the "night life" of Paris too. His European education would have been less than complete had he not frequented the Moulin Rouge, the Folies Bergere, and seen the Bal Bouillier.

Through forgotten channels Will met a young artist and his wife, a dancer, who were planning a trip to Belgium. His participation was made possible by the money he saved from his tutoring and when two other artists joined the group they set out for Brussels. They crowded a bit of sight-seeing into a few days and pushed on to Bruges where they stayed ten days. This

burgher's town with canals flowing through the narrow streets held a quaintness unsurpassed by the oldest villages seen in England. There were galleries of Flemish paintings to be seen there too.

The artists in the group set up their easels on the canal bank while the others wandered through the narrow streets trying to recreate in imagination the life in the old town in the days of its supremacy as an important commercial port. Years later Will's oldest son Howard, with his mother, lingered in Bruges to try to recreate his father's happy visit there. They sat in the town square each night sipping their wine and listening to music, enjoying it more because Will had done the same as a young man years ago.

After the pleasures of Brussels and Bruges, Will's "savings" were just about gone but it was time to leave for home anyway. He had enough money left to get to Liverpool but not enough for a room and food before the boat departed, and the day of departure was not set. Then too he was not sure the captain would honor the doctor's recommendation. Also, money would be needed to get from Baltimore to Georgia. However, a check was expected; but would it come before the boat left? Ogburn skimmed on food and everything else. He had only about a shilling in his pocket upon arrival at Liverpool. The last few pence he kept jingling in his pocket for self-respect and went out to find a flop-house where he could get a lodging for the night for a tuppence. The "bed" was not much better than a park bench: no mattress, no blankets, no sheets, no pillow. But shelter was a good deal to get for two pennies even if it was something of an anti-climax after luxurious sleeping on the Hotel Foyot's soft mattress covered with linen sheets, fluffy pink blankets and eating the best breakfast in bed in Paris, every day.

As in a story working up to a happy ending, the check came

the day before the boat departed. With a stuffed wallet Will felt quite comfortable taking his seat at the captain's table. There were no cattle to nurse, thank goodness, and there was plenty of time to think about a wonderful summer which had surpassed all expectations, the happiest he had ever had.

Back in America, the roads led to Rome (Georgia), where Will had accepted a position as assistant principal of the Darlington School for Boys. This school was founded by Mr. J. P. Cooper with Mr. J. R. McCain, later president of Agnes Scott College, as principal. Rome did not have the glamorous appeal of Savannah or of Paris; but it soon developed glamor, Will says, for there he met his future wife. Thus was to begin another Ogburn family. But this merging of the Ogburn family line with the Reynolds family is another story and is told in my *As I Remember Them*.

